

# The Sketch

No. 677.—Vol. LIII.

WEDNESDAY, JANUARY 17, 1906.

SIXPENCE.



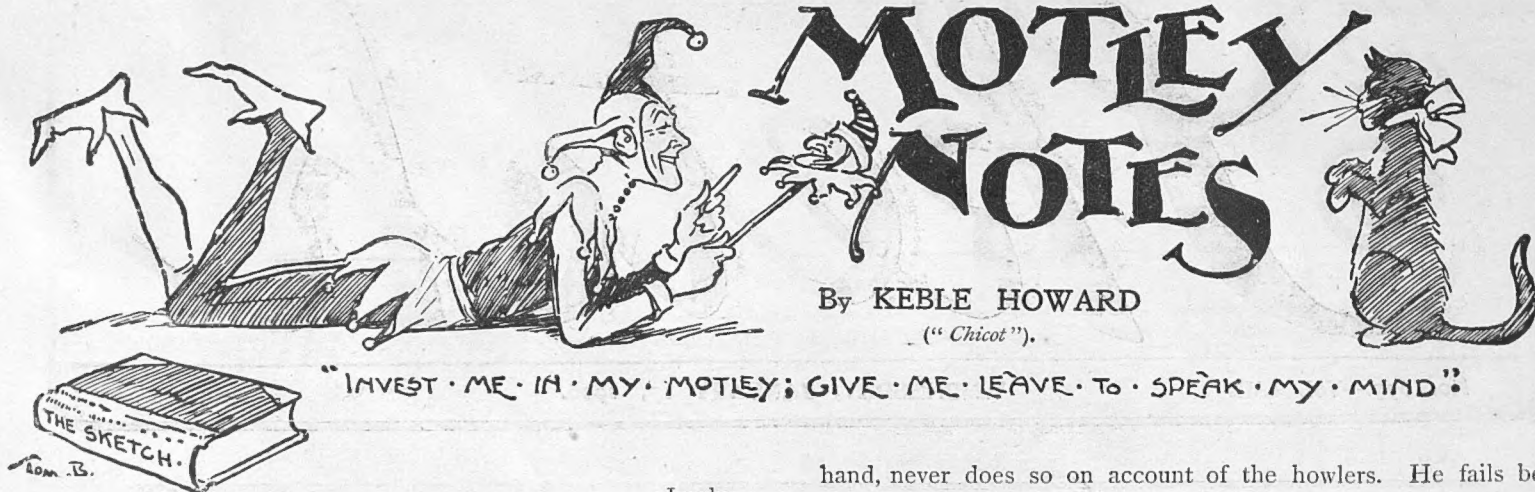
*Photograph by the Dover Street Studios.*

## FATE.

THE STRANGER IN "THE JURY OF FATE," AT THE SHAFTESBURY.

The Stranger is played by Mr. William Lugg.





London.  
 "WHAT is all that noise about," asked the Child, "down in the valley?"

"I will show you," I replied. We walked to the edge of the precipice, and looked over. "Do you see that tiny building with the tower at one end of it?"

"Yes, and a whole lot of little black things swarming round. How funny! What are they? What are they doing?"

"Those are Gentlemen of Intelligence," I explained; "and they are all trying to get inside the tiny building."

"Is it locked up, then?"

"Oh, no. The difficulty is that it will hold only about a quarter of them."

"Is that why they keep on shouting and pushing?"

"Exactly."

The Child was silent for a moment. She was trying to understand this spectacle of licensed misbehaviour.

"I suppose," she said at last, "the ones that push hardest are the most likely to get in, but I don't see how it helps them to shout so much. How does it?"

"It doesn't, but they think it does."

"Somebody ought to tell them."

"They wouldn't listen. They're too excited."

Another pause for reflection. Then—

"Why do they want to get into the building?" she inquired.

"Because—well, for various reasons."

"I don't like that sort of answer. Is it something I oughtn't to know?"

"Not in the least, but I'm afraid I don't know myself."

"Do they know?"

"I don't think so."

"It's all very puzzling," complained the Child. "It seems like a nightmare. Is it a nightmare?"

"Perhaps it is—a waking nightmare."

"Oh!" she exclaimed presently. "There's one poor man just been knocked down. Will they let him get up?"

"Not if they can help it."

A little hand was slipped softly into mine.

"I'm so glad we're not down there," she observed simply. "Aren't you?"

"Very glad."

"So am I. Let's try and find some place out of the noise."

A General Election seems to bring out all that is roughest and stupidest in everybody—with certain honourable exceptions. In an ordinary way, I suppose, these people who assemble at the back of halls and in the galleries of theatres to howl down a political speaker are quite decent men. I have no doubt that they are kind to their wives and children, keep themselves clean, earn their money honestly, love their country, respect their parents, and take a reasonable, level-headed view of the business of the world. And yet when it comes to electioneering they are such poor sportsmen that they refuse to give a fair hearing to a man whose opinions they have been persuaded to consider dangerous. I suspect that the sons of these howlers, being better educated than their fathers, go hot with shame when they hear that the man who gave them life was among the cowards who were afraid to let an opponent state his case. As for those who have been howled down, they realise with delight, doubtless, that they will catch all the more votes on the rebound. It is impossible to howl down the right man. Even ridicule, that deadliest of weapons when handled with real skill, is powerless to injure the right man. The man who fails, on the other

hand, never does so on account of the howlers. He fails because nobody takes the trouble to howl at him.

Mr. George Meredith is cross with Mr. Joseph Chamberlain. I should say, perhaps, that Mr. George Meredith is cross with Mr. Joseph Chamberlain's nose. Mr. Meredith says it is an adventurous nose, and that a man with an adventurous nose is dangerous. This interests me, because it so happens that I, too, have an adventurous nose. At any rate, it is a nose rather like Mr. Chamberlain's, I fancy. Am I, then, dangerous? I should love to think so, but I can't remember ever having done anybody any grievous harm. I wish I had known earlier in life that I had a dangerous nose. I would have told my schoolfellows about it, and they might have thought twice before trying to hit it. Mr. Meredith says further of Mr. Chamberlain that he has a long, lean head. If I wanted to make a cheap joke, I could say that a lean head is better than a fat head. But I don't. I merely wish to point out that Mr. Meredith is not the first person to speak warningly about lean men. Shakspeare, you will remember, makes Cæsar say of Cassius—

Let me have men about me that are fat—  
 Sleek-headed men, and such as sleep o' nights:  
 Yond' Cassius has a lean and hungry look;  
 He thinks too much: such men are dangerous.

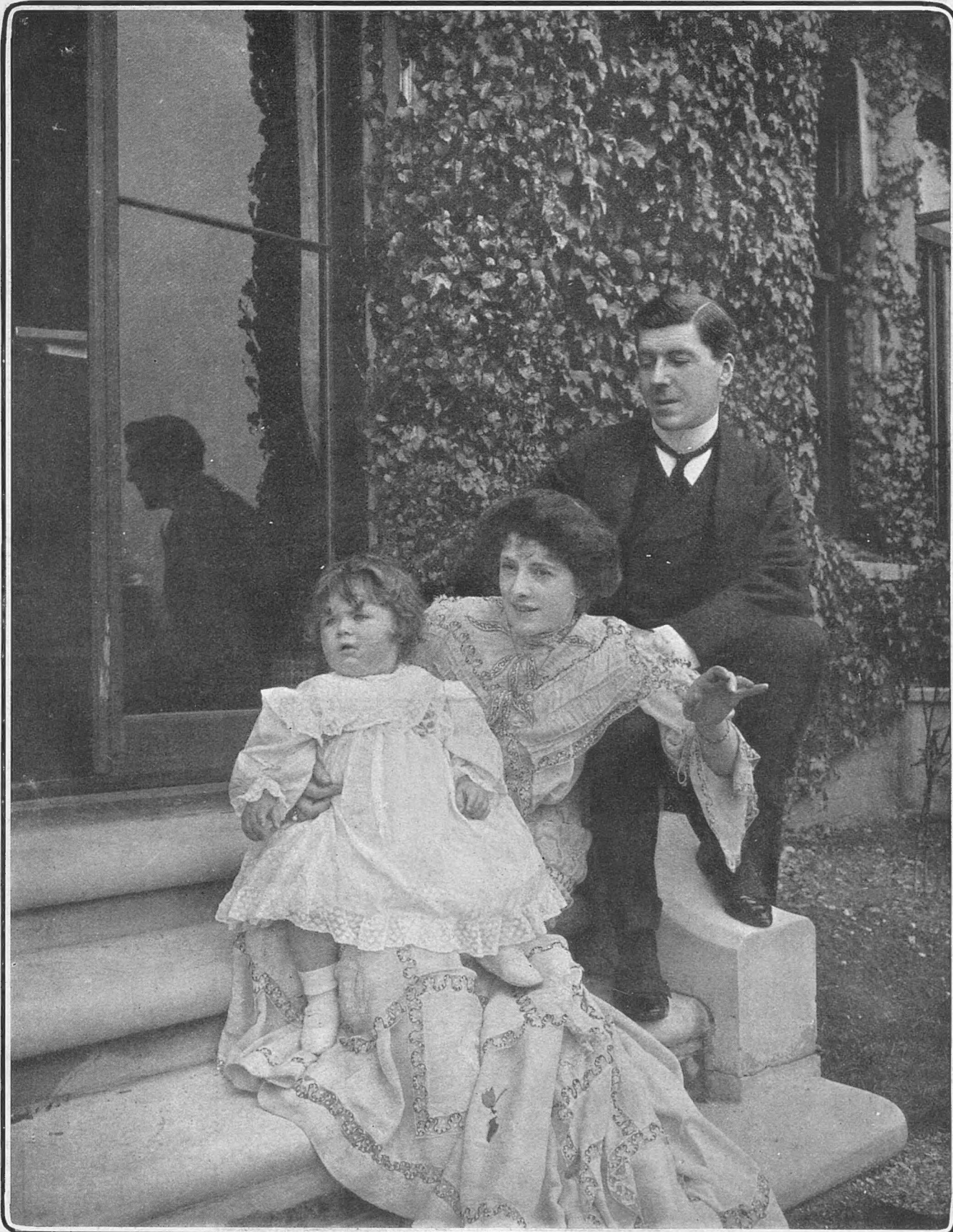
The queer thing is that Mr. Meredith forgot to add, "He thinks too much." Is that why Mr. Chamberlain is dangerous? I ask merely for information.

It is practically impossible, of course, to speak of anything just now except the General Election, but I am anxious to correct a popular fallacy with regard to the motor-omnibus. A certain number of the public seem to have got it into their heads that the motor-omnibus is a public vehicle. I have seen people standing at the edge of the pavement, holding up their hands and waving umbrellas as the motor-omnibus swept by, and I can only conclude that these deluded ones actually expected the driver to pull up and take them aboard. It is a pity that so much time and energy should be wasted when a word may put matters straight. The motor-omnibus, then, once and for all, is not a public vehicle. It has nothing to do with the public. It is a large, imposing, expensive toy presented by certain generous companies to the two gentlemen that you see at the head and tail of it. One is called the conductor; but that is merely to preserve an interesting old name. The passengers that you observe sitting inside or on the roof of the 'bus are there (1) because they are personal friends of the officials, or (2) because they slipped in when the omnibus was at rest and nobody happened to be looking. Before I discovered these facts I wasted a great deal of time in hailing motor-omnibuses. I shall be only too glad if any of my readers are enabled to profit by my warning.

And just one more thing. The Paris correspondent of a ladies' journal has been saying that "to the Englishman alone is it given to 'carry' a bowler without giving serious offence to intelligent onlookers." Now this leaves me in doubt. There are two ways of wearing a bowler that must be set down as characteristic of the Englishman. One way is on the back of the head, and the other is at the side of the head. Ever since I read the complimentary remarks of that Paris correspondent, I have been trying to find out which is the correct way. It would be such a terrible thing to give serious offence to an intelligent onlooker. He might even go so far, if he happened to prefer the other style, as to knock my bowler into the gutter. Still, in wearing it at the back of the head, I should certainly be with the majority. It is only on the stage and in comic drawings, I find, that the bowler is worn at the side. It will be time enough to live up to the comic drawing when next I pay a visit to Paris.



WHERE LOVE HAS NOT RUN SMOOTH.



MISS ISABEL JAY, HER HUSBAND, AND HER DAUGHTER: MR. AND MRS. H. S. H. CAVENDISH  
AND THEIR CHILD.

Mrs. H. S. H. Cavendish, better known as Miss Isabel Jay, asked on Friday last that her marriage might be dissolved on the ground of her husband's cruelty and misconduct. There was no defence, and a decree nisi, with costs, was granted. Miss Isabel Emelie Jay married Mr. Henry Sheppard Hart Cavendish, the traveller and explorer, in 1902.

Mr. Cavendish was formerly a lieutenant in the 4th Battalion Royal Warwickshire Regiment.

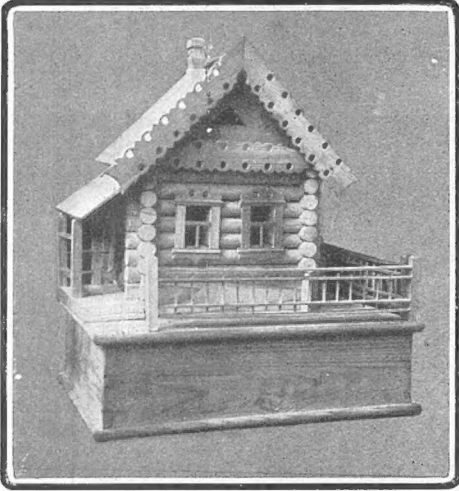
*Photograph by the Rotary Photo. Co.*



## THE CLUBMAN.

*"Have You Lent Your Car?"—What a Chinaman Would Think—  
Inartistic Posters—The Sayings of Confucius—"God Save the King" for Councillors.*

THE question of the moment in the drawing-rooms and smoking-rooms of London undoubtedly is, "Have you lent your motor-car?" The man with a brand-new £1,000 car, the varnish of which has not a scratch on it, the lining of which is beautiful to behold, is indeed a man of strong opinions and of the



THE CHRISTMAS GIFT MADE FOR THE INFANT TSAREVITCH BY THE TSARITSA.

The Tsaritsa, who is an expert wood-carver, fashioned the toy here illustrated herself. It is an exact model of the Tsar's favourite chalet, or summer-house, in the Imperial pleasure-grounds attached to Tsarskoe-Selo Palace. The model, which is beautifully carved in soft white wood, is built up of eighty-four separate pieces, and can be pulled to pieces by the Imperial baby. Our photograph was taken at Tsarskoe-Selo on Jan. 7, the Russian Christmas Day.

*Photograph supplied by the Exclusive News Agency.*

whom I should love to have what the Americans call a "heart-to-heart" conversation would be a highly educated and patriotic Chinaman. His remarks as to the efforts of some of the Chinamen to oust Europeans from China, and of some of the Europeans to oust Chinamen from South Africa would be amusing.

Before another General Election takes place there must be a reform in political posters. In this age of art, when brilliant young artists, who may have "A.R.A." after their names the day after to-morrow, induce the careful housewife to buy soups and beef-extracts, and pickles and frame foods, by dazzling their eyes with beautiful colour-schemes, it is really saddening to find that Tariff Reformers and Free Fooders who aspire to join the most comfortable Club in London can paste nothing better upon the hoardings than exaggerated cartoons, after the manner of those to be found in the inside sheets of certain evening papers. The Bill Posters' Union reformed the theatrical posters into things of beauty. I hope that before we are again called upon to sort out our convictions and vote for somebody or another the same reformers will have put their feet down firmly in the matter of inartistic political appeals.

I should like to have the opinion of my intelligent Chinaman as to the terms in which

the interruption of a speaker at a political meeting should be alluded to in print. The contents-bills of the papers of various shades of politics after some distinguished politician has not been able to say all he would like to say vary marvellously in the idea they convey of the event. "Disgraceful Scenes—Hooligans Howl at the Truth," says one paper. "Warm Time—Mr. —'s Prevarications Refused a Hearing," says another. I am not sure that the Chinese method of locking candidates for legislative posts in cells for a week or so, and requiring them to write a treatise of a few thousand pages on the precepts of Confucius is not nearly as sensible as our methods of selection.

I am afraid that I regard the General Election which is taking place not only from a non-political, but from a frivolous point of view. The person with

the interruption of a speaker at a political meeting should be alluded to in print. The contents-bills of the papers of various shades of politics after some distinguished politician has not been able to say all he would like to say vary marvellously in the idea they convey of the event. "Disgraceful Scenes—Hooligans Howl at the Truth," says one paper. "Warm Time—Mr. —'s Prevarications Refused a Hearing," says another. I am not sure that the Chinese method of locking candidates for legislative posts in cells for a week or so, and requiring them to write a treatise of a few thousand pages on the precepts of Confucius is not nearly as sensible as our methods of selection.

One of the wise sayings of Confucius is "When right principles prevail in the Empire, there will be no discussion among the common people." The Mandarins take good care that there shall be no discussion, and therefore take it for granted that right principles always prevail in China; but I fear that this particular saying of the master does not apply to Western peoples.

There is one saying of the sage which I should like to see over the door of the room of the Secretary of State for War in the new palatial building in Whitehall. "It is necessary that there should be sufficiency of good, sufficiency of military equipment, and the confidence of the people in their ruler."

But enough of Confucius, though suitable sayings for all occasions are to be found in his pages, and I have no doubt that I could find something which says that County Councillors should not be greeted with tunes sacred to Kings. That, however, is what is to happen when our County Councillors go over to Paris to pay a return visit, and the children of the municipal schools are busy learning "God Save the King" so as to greet them appropriately. Of course this shows the impression that the County Councillors made on their guests when they were over here. What would be a suitable air with which to receive our municipal rulers? Perhaps some day Sir Edward Elgar will compose a Marche Pompeuse, "Rates and Taxes," and dedicate it to the L.C.C. In the meantime, perhaps, "For he's a jolly good fellow," which all the French City Fathers learned when they came to London, might be taught the little French boys and girls as being more suitable to the occasion than the National Anthem.



THE BOHEMIAN TWINS: MLES. ROSA AND JOSEPHA BLAZEK, WHO HAVE BEEN SEPARATED BY DR. KUKULA.

Dr. Kukula, President of the Czech University College of Medicine, has performed a successful surgical operation on the famous Bohemian Twins, and has separated them. It will be remembered that Mles. Rosa and Josepha Blazek visited this country some two years ago.

*Photograph by Park.*



TWIN BROTHERS WED TWIN SISTERS: MM. ALPHONSE AND GABRIEL CHANTEAU AND THEIR BRIDES, MLES. GENEVIÈVE AND SUZANNE RENAUD.

Two twin brothers, MM. Alphonse and Gabriel Chanteau, have just married in Paris two twin sisters, Mles. Geneviève and Suzanne Renaud. Alphonse and Gabriel are so much alike that you cannot tell t'other from which. Even their own nurse had to tie a pink ribbon round the arm of Alphonse to distinguish him from Gabriel. Later in life, Alphonse wore a red waistcoat and Gabriel a white one, so there could be no mistake. But, odder still, the two sisters, who have just become the happy brides of the two brothers, are also as alike as two peas. They had the habit of distinguishing themselves by wearing respectively a red corsage and a white.

*Photograph by Branger.*



"THE JURY OF FATE," AT THE SHAFTESBURY.



MISS LILLAH MCCARTHY AS THÉRÈSE.

*Photograph by Foulsham and Banfield.*



**DRURY LANE THEATRE ROYAL.**  
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Bill Sikes ... MR. LYN HARDING.  
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WORTHING	7.15, and 9.40 p.m. Week-days.
SEAFORD	Fast Trains leave Victoria at 9.45, 12 noon, 1.30 and
EASTBOURNE	3.22 p.m., London Bridge 9.45 a.m., 12.5, 2.5, 4.5, and 5.5 p.m.
BEXHILL	Week-days. From Victoria 9.25 and 11.15 a.m., London Bridge
ST. LEONARDS	9.25 a.m. Sundays. Drawing-room Cars on certain Trains.
HASTINGS	
LITTLEHAMPTON	Fast Trains, with Isle of Wight connection, leave Victoria
BOGNOR	10.30, 11.35 a.m., 1.42 and 3.55 p.m., London Bridge 10.25, 11.35 a.m.,
HAYLING ISLAND	1.50, and 4.55 p.m. on Week-days.
PORTSMOUTH	
SOUTHSEA	
ISLE OF WIGHT	

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T. FISHER UNWIN.	<b>Verses and Translations.</b> Charles Stuart
<b>Political Parables</b> ("Westminster Gazette" Office Boy). Francis Brown. 2s. 6d.	Calverley. 2s. 6d.
DIGBY LONG.	<b>The Taming of the Shrew.</b> 1s. 6d.
<b>Cat Tales.</b> W. L. Aldin. 6s.	<b>Macbeth.</b> 1s. 6d.
<b>The Secretary of State.</b> H. Maxwell. 6s.	<b>The Last Essays of Elia.</b> Charles Lamb. 2s. 6d.
<b>The Broken Fetter.</b> John K. Leys. 6s.	R. A. EVERETT.
<b>A Pretender.</b> Annie Thomas. 6s.	<b>A New Rip Van Winkle.</b> Austin Fryers. 1s. 6d.
JOHN LONG.	<b>The Marriage Market.</b> Mrs. George Corbett. 1s.
<b>The Arrow of the North.</b> R. H. Foster. 6s.	GEORGE NEWNES.
<b>Her Highness.</b> Fred Whishaw. 6s.	<b>Old English Furniture.</b> W. E. Mallett. 5s.
<b>Tom Brown's Schooldays.</b> Thomas Hughes. 2s.	CHATTO AND WINDUS.
<b>The Choice of Amelia.</b> Adeline Sergeant. 6s.	<b>The Tragedies of Algernon C. Swinburne.</b> In 5 Vols. Vol. IV. (Mary Stuart.)
<b>A Lost Cause.</b> Guy Thorne. 1s.	H. J. DRANE.
<b>A Tale of Two Cities.</b> Charles Dickens. 2s.	<b>Peter Quinn's Book of Fairy Tales.</b> Peter Quinn. 3s. 6d.
<b>Soul-Twilight.</b> Lucas Cleeve. 6s.	<b>Her Reuben.</b> Francis Bancroft. 6s.
<b>He That is Without Sin.</b> George Winfield. 6s.	<b>Barbara Lavender.</b> Rose Perkins. 6s.
W. REEVES.	<b>Fettered Trade.</b> Angus Campbell. 1s.
<b>Chopin: As Revealed by Extracts from His Own Diary.</b> Count Stanislas Tarnowski. Translated from Polish by Natalie Janotha. 2s. 6d.	T. FISHER UNWIN.
	<b>The Lady Noggs, Peeress.</b> Edgar Jepson. 6s.

## THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS

JANUARY 20.

## SPECIAL PHOTOGRAVURE OF ALL THE LIBERAL LEADERS.

EDITORIAL OFFICE: MILFORD LANE, STRAND, W.C.

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*Every contribution submitted to "The Sketch" should bear the full name and address of the sender legibly written. In the case of batches of photographs and drawings, the name and address should be written on each photograph or drawing.*

"SKETCH" EDITORIAL OFFICES, MILFORD LANE, STRAND, W.C.

PUBLISHING OFFICE: 172, STRAND, W.C.





## SMALL TALK *of the* WEEK

**F**EBRUARY will be a busy month for both the King and Queen. Parliament will meet about the 13th, and their Majesties will hold two Courts—the one on Friday, the 16th, and the other on Friday, the 23rd of February. Not only will all the autumn brides then make their curtsies to their Sovereign, but Liberal ladies will muster in great force, for it is whispered that Sir Henry

Campbell-Bannerman is most anxious that there should be no doubt as to the loyalty of his followers and their wives. Another interesting feature of the coming Courts will be the presence there of the many new Peeresses. Lord Althorp, who, as Lord Chamberlain, will make all the arrangements, has a great knowledge of Court etiquette; he is a courtier in the best sense of the word, and has many friends among members of the Royal Family. His wife will, of course, be among the new Peeresses present.

### Royal Wedding Bells.

Last Friday saw the marriage of the King of Spain's only surviving sister to Prince Ferdinand of Bavaria, and there has rarely been a more splendid Royal wedding celebrated in Madrid. The Spanish nation hope ardently that the wedding bells will not stop ringing, and that they may soon have the felicity of welcoming a charming British Queen in their midst. It is considered very significant that Prince Alexander of Battenberg has been spending a delightful holiday at Madrid; more significant still is the coming visit of Princess Henry and her young daughter to Biarritz. This delightful town, once a favourite sojourn of the Empress Eugénie, is in such close proximity to Spain that it would there be possible for the Queen Mother to make, in an informal fashion, the acquaintance of the Princess who is now regarded by the whole Continent as King Alfonso's bride-elect.

*Centipede Names.* "But in the opinion of many of the thinking women of to-day," writes a lady in the columns of a contemporary, "we are passing through a transition period with regard to the surnames of wives, and some of those who see far ahead declare that in another generation or two a large proportion of married women will insist upon going through life under their maiden names, regardless of the number of husbands they may marry." Then, in answer to the question as to the surnames to be borne by the children of such ladies, it is argued that they would take the name of their mother, hyphen it to that of their father, and place the usual Christian name before the double-barrelled result. That is all very well—as far as it goes. The fault is that it does not go far enough. Mr. Jones marries Miss Smith, their children become the Smith-Joneses; a Smith-Jones marries a Brown-Robinson, and their children are the Smith-Jones-Brown-Robinsons; a Smith-Jones-Brown-Robinson weds a Spriggs-Stokes-Wright-Akers—and the result is too horrible to contemplate.

*Who Was He?* An extraordinary story is now being told in Switzerland concerning a young girl of Obwald, named Mlle. Bosch. It appears that, about fifteen years ago, she was in London, outside Buckingham Palace, waiting for Queen Victoria to go out driving. While she was there, an old gentleman who was in the crowd was taken ill, and Mlle. Bosch took care of him. When her visit to London was over, Mlle. Bosch returned home, and heard no more of her adventure until a few days ago, when she received a letter from a lawyer in London saying that the old gentleman she had helped was dead and had left her fifty thousand pounds in his will. We are not told the name of the wealthy invalid, and it is, perhaps, a little unfortunate that the name of the Swiss lady should not be in itself of a nature to inspire any great confidence in the story.



AMERICA'S "PRINCESS ROYAL" AS A CHILD: AN EARLY PORTRAIT OF MISS ALICE ROOSEVELT.

Photograph supplied by G. G. Bain.

*The Chinese Foot.* It really looks as if China were moving at last, and about to emulate Japan in adopting the customs of the West. It is said that Madame Wu-Ting-Sang, the wife of the ex-Ambassador at Washington, is about to undergo an operation for the purpose of restoring her feet to their normal shape. This is the first time that an attempt has been made to restore a deformed foot, though many Chinese ladies of rank have left off bandaging their children's feet; but it is said that the example will be widely followed.

*Hats and Heads.* One man, in addition to the conservator of over-ripe eggs, blesses the General Election. He is the hat-manufacturer. Candidates dubious as to their popularity take with them into their constituencies half-a-dozen silk-hats at the commencement of their campaign, says the *Gaulois*, and if the man be but sufficiently disliked, the vendor of hats has a repeat order before polling day; the others have all been smashed. It would have been a difficulty for Gladstone to have got his hats so readily replaced; he took a size larger with each year. But are all the hats which disappear from the heads of uncomplaining candidates broken? A choleric Englishman, who went over to Ireland to speak on behalf of O'Connell and Emancipation found, at the end of his speech to a Dublin audience, that his head-gear was not where it should be. "Curses on you!" he roared at the mob. "I've come all the way from England to emancipate you, and you've stolen my hat!"



THE HOUSES OF PARLIAMENT BEFORE THE FIRE OF 1834.

The Palace at Westminster was repeatedly visited by fire. In the reign of Henry VIII. all the living-apartments were destroyed, and in 1834 the entire palace, with the exception of Westminster Hall, was burned. The erection of the present buildings was begun in 1840 from plans by Barry.

Photograph by the Press Studio.





THE OWNER OF A £6,000 BED: Mlle. SOREL.

Mlle. Sorel, the well-known French actress, is a member of the Comédie Française. Her £6,000 bed is illustrated below.

Photograph by Manuel.

*A £6,000 Bed!* Mademoiselle Sorel, the brilliant and popular French actress, who is a member of that wonderful theatrical society and cast known as the Comédie Française, is the proud possessor of one of the most beautiful, as well as perhaps the most costly, bed in the world. Paris society has gone quite crazy over what Dickens was, we think, the first to describe as "objects of bigotry and virtue." Old châteaux are ransacked for furniture treasures, and as Frenchwomen often use their bedchambers as sitting-rooms, receiving their friends and even acquaintances to afternoon tea there, beautiful and costly couches, especially those dating from the days of the sumptuous Italian and French Renaissance, attain quite fancy prices, especially when they happen to be, like that specimen which belongs to Mademoiselle Sorel, in a perfect state of preservation. Needless to say, everything concerning this £6,000 couch is in keeping: the curtains are of the most exquisite old brocade, the coverlet is of real lace, and every article of furniture in the room is unique of its kind.

#### *Incredible Credulity.*

The discovery that so many of our foremost European galleries contain spurious antiquities among their collections has naturally directed attention to the multiplicity of "relics" of the saints and Apostles displayed for the veneration of paying pilgrims to the churches of the Continent. An unofficial census sets forth sufficient physical relics of the Madonna to have equipped twenty mortal women, and, of the saints, limbs and bodies enough to have set up at least a dozen of each one named. Thorns from that crown which every Christian venerates, and pieces of the Cross are generally shown as identical fragments of those which played so conspicuous a part in the Great Tragedy. Those who have these relics in possession may believe in their bona fides—their credulous visitors indubitably do. Why

should they not? Gullibility is not the weakness of the ignorant alone. Was ever mortal sinner more deceived than the eminent M. Chasles, one of the most erudite scientists in France, of whom M. Camille Flammarion tells?

#### *Wonder upon Wonder.*

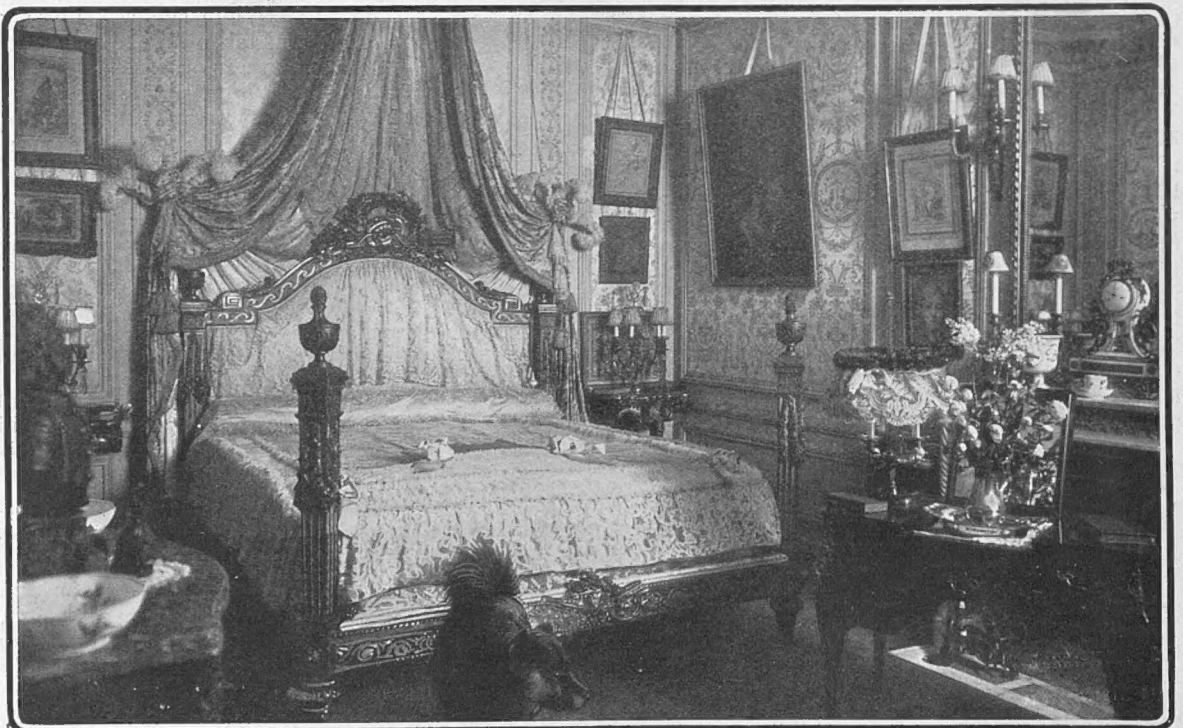
This great scholar spent in the course of a few years 140,000 francs upon the purchase of autographs from the notorious forger, Vrain-Lucas. Among the collection were the false signatures of Pascal, Newton, Galileo, Henry IV., and Francis I. The acceptance of these emboldened the rogue, who next supplied autograph letters of Charlemagne, of Vercingétorix, of Pythagoras, of Archimedes, of Cleopatra. At none of these did the savant boggle, and the next batch contained, in all reverence be it repeated, letters purporting to have been written by Lazarus, by Mary Magdalen, and by the Saviour. Galileo was represented to have written a letter speaking of a planet which was not discovered until 141 years later; Vercingétorix wrote, in modern French, a pass for the Emperor Julius Cæsar! And the possessor of these precious relics died believing them authentic.

#### *Those Convenient Brigands.*

A piquant story comes from the South of France, close to the Spanish frontier. A certain handsome lady found life very boring. The husband was engrossed in his business details, and gave her very little attention. She sought for distraction, and found it in the fiery glance of a fine young officer in a regiment of chasseurs. But a meeting was extremely difficult, because, although largely indifferent to his wife's pleasure, the husband could be both jealous and watchful on occasion. But the military man hit upon a plan. An excursion was organised in the Pyrenees on the Spanish side of the border. As Monsieur and Madame were admiring the scenery and the flowers a band with blackened faces suddenly appeared and fell upon the couple. At this moment appeared also the officer of chasseurs. He endeavoured to drive off the brigands, but was disarmed. In spite of his struggles the merchant was made a prisoner and carried to some mountain fastness. Madame and the lieutenant were left alone. Six hours later Monsieur reappeared upon the scene, having escaped with great difficulty. He overwhelmed the lieutenant with gratitude for his attempts to deliver him. To-day he is a sadder and a wiser man.

#### *A Vote and a Vendetta.*

The Royal Academy has made its choice from the candidates of the year, and the papers have told us the result of the elections. How little some of us dream of the smarts which they whose claims have been rejected suffer! A thirty years' feud dated from one vote cast against a certain man. He was the not specially gifted son of a well-known R.A. Naturally the latter desired to see his boy an Associate. Happily the consciences of those who had to vote would not permit them to choose a great man's incompetent son, and the candidate was rejected. A day or two later a fellow R.A. called upon the disconsolate father. "Did you vote for my son?" asked the latter. His friend properly declined to answer. "There is the door, Sir, and I beg you will never darken it again," said the irate parent. Thirty years passed, and then the two men came face to face at the Academy. The outraged sire had forgotten nothing, forgiven nothing. "I don't know you, Sir," he answered, as the other held out the hand of friendship.



A FRENCH ACTRESS'S £6,000 COUCH: Mlle. SOREL'S BEAUTIFUL BED AND BEDROOM.

Mlle. Sorel's couch is one of the most beautiful and costly pieces of furniture of its kind in the world, and is perfectly preserved.

Photograph by Manuel.



*A Future Countess as Canvasser.*

Lady Morpeth, the wife of Lord Carlyle's eldest son and heir, has already won her spurs as a brilliant political canvasser. It was greatly owing to her efforts that the present ex-M.P. for South Birmingham was returned last winter by a majority of upwards of three thousand. Lord Morpeth comes of a most distinguished ancestry, being a happy combination of Howard and Stanley. He delights in public life, and when only twenty-seven elected to become a member of that serious body, the London School Board. Lady Morpeth, though she has been a wife close on twelve years, has still a very girlish look; she was Miss Rhoda L'Estrange, and in addition to her first Christian name bears the curious one of Ankaret—also borne by two of her four children.

*Bred in the Political Purple.*

Lady Evelyn Cavendish, now busily engaged in furthering her husband's interests in the Western Division of Derbyshire, might well claim to have been born in the political purple, for she is the eldest daughter of Lord Lansdowne, and as a girl always helped her mother to do the honours of historic Lansdowne House. Lady Evelyn is doubly interested in the General Election, for her brother, Lord Kerry, is also standing for Parliament, it being his hope to defeat the Liberal candidate in the Appleby Division of Westmorland. Modern politics have a trick of bringing about curious divisions, though not necessarily dissensions, in united family groups. Lord Kerry is a Chamberlainite, but his brother-in-law, Mr. Victor Cavendish, is, like his uncle, the Duke of Devonshire, an enthusiastic Free Trader.

*Lady Grosvenor.*

Mr. George Wyndham, the brilliant and witty politician who has sat for Dover for seventeen consecutive years, is very fortunate in his beautiful and gifted wife. Lady Grosvenor is known to take an enthusiastic interest in her husband's career, and till Mr. Wyndham's rather dramatic retirement from office last year, she was one of the most noted of great political hostesses. Lady Grosvenor, the mother of the present Duke of Westminster, married her second husband the year he was first elected for the constituency

for which they are now both fighting. They have one child—a son, who will probably follow in his father's footsteps and make politics his main interest in life.

*Not a Politician?* Lady Edmund Talbot, who has been fighting so gallantly for her sick husband in the

Chichester Division, has put it on record that she is "not a politician"; but she has certainly proved a most effective lady canvasser both on this and on a former occasion, and if Lord Edmund is again returned for Chichester, it will undoubtedly be owing to his plucky wife's efforts

and this although his own son may be standing. Of course political etiquette is apt to change, and much less may be done now by canvassers in the way of encouragement and help than was once the case. Many a London elector entertains an angel unawares during these eventful days, for several of our prettiest and best known

actresses are indefatigable lady canvassers, Mr. Burdett Coutts being particularly fortunate in this respect, for "the Baroness" is venerated, and justly so, by every member of "the" profession. Westminster electors should therefore be on the look out for stars!

*"Jacobus Petropontio Morganio."*

Upon a medal, inscribed in not unexceptionable Latin, the pious act of Mr. Pierpont Morgan in returning the stolen Ascoli cope to Italy has been perfervidly celebrated by the Roman Academy. There is a mediæval touch in commemorating a man's integrity with a medal. Nowadays we give medals to our soldiers, sailors, policemen, and those who save life at sea. It was different when the world was younger. Medals flourished when Rome ruled; then they lost their vogue until the

Renaissance, when they were put to quaint uses. They were the medium for international felicitation and sneers. Louis XIV. was commonly regarded as the sun at its meridian; the saucy Dutch therefore struck a medal representing themselves as Joshua stopping the sun in his course. The Duke of Savoy, to commemorate his capture of Saluces, struck a medal with the legend "Opportune." Presently Henry IV. came along, re-took the town, and struck another medal inscribed "Opportunus!"

*Beauty and Brains.*

Sir Edgar Vincent, the stalwart Conservative Free

Trader who has now represented Exeter for five years, is fortunate in having a wife who to exceptional beauty joins great intellectual gifts. Lady Helen Vincent is one of Lord Feversham's lovely daughters, and she has friends and connections in each of our great political parties. As mistress of Esher Place, a beautiful old house within easy distance of London, Lady Helen often entertains noted statesmen and their wives, and she is a frequent visitor to the House of Commons.



A WOMAN WORKER IN POLITICS:  
LADY MORPETH.

Photograph by Whitlock.



A WOMAN WORKER IN POLITICS:  
LADY EDMUND TALBOT.

Photograph by Cameron.



A WOMAN WORKER IN POLITICS:  
LADY EVELYN CAVENDISH.

Photograph by Kate Pragnell.



A WOMAN WORKER IN POLITICS:  
LADY GROSVENOR.

Photograph by Lallie Charles.



A WOMAN WORKER IN POLITICS:  
LADY HELEN VINCENT.

Photograph by Alice Hughes.

on his behalf. Lady Edmund Talbot, who is the Duke of Norfolk's sister-in-law, was before her marriage Lady Mary Caroline Bertie, eldest daughter of Lord Abingdon. She is known as an indefatigable worker in the

East End, and is, generally speaking, an active promoter and patroness of all the great Roman Catholic charities of the kingdom.

*A Little Known Point of Etiquette.*

How many people, we wonder, are aware that Peers are not supposed to take even a very passive part in an election contest? A "gilded lord" who happens to be also a good speaker has a close time while a General Election is in full swing,



## THE LAW AND THE CANDIDATE.

SOME THINGS A WOULD-BE M.P. MAY DO, AND SOME THINGS THAT ARE FORBIDDEN HIM.

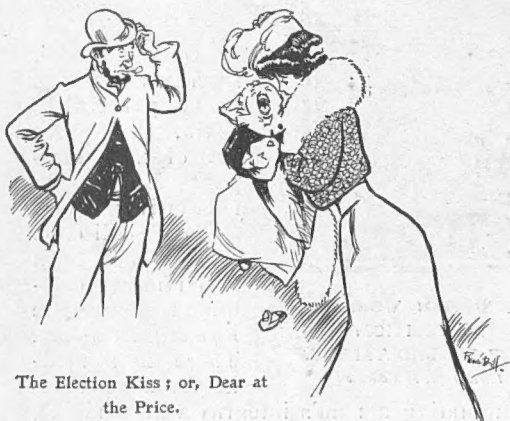
SKETCHES BY RENÉ BULL.

WHAT a candidate can do and what he cannot do depends, to some extent, on whether he is scrupulous or unscrupulous. It depends partly also on the astuteness of his agent. There are means of evading the Corrupt Practices Act, and perhaps there are some candidates with heavy purses and easy or careless consciences who resort to evasion and spend much more than their rivals. The Act is, however, a great protection. It has enormously reduced the cost of elections and benefited men of moderate means

who wish to enter Parliament. In the old days candidates used to spend tens of thousands of pounds; but now the candidate who takes the most generous view of his privileges cannot



The Successful Candidate.



The Election Kiss; or, Dear at the Price.

safely venture on more than £5,000, and that, of course, is greatly in excess of what is legal in the largest constituency.

Economical candidates bless the Act which Lord James of Hereford (then Sir Henry James) passed through the House of Commons. They want to spend as little as possible, and they find the law a convenient defence of their thrifty habits. Such candidates may not be very popular in the eyes of election agents, nor even in the eyes of all the electors, but they have the approval of their own consciences if they interpret the law very strictly.



The Unsuccessful Candidate.

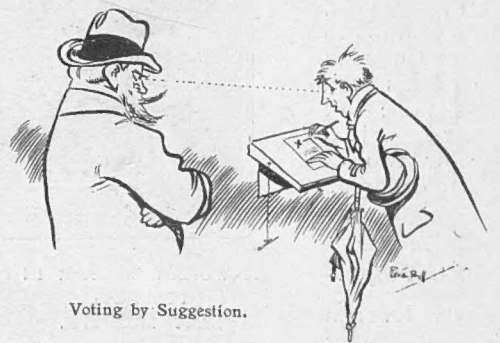
a candidature their expenditure is not reckoned as part of the legal limit, and how could it be? Two opposing candidates might agree in advocating the views of such associations!

The Dissolution does not, as a matter of fact, stop any expenditure. It is supposed that when that event takes place, certain expenditure must cease. The change it really makes is that the candidate must keep an account of everything he spends. Anything, however, that he has been in the habit of contributing to a charity, for instance, does not count. If he began the contributions during the election they would come under the Act, but what the candidate

had been in the way of doing he would still be at liberty to do.

A maximum is laid down according to the size of the constituency. Apart from this the candidate pays a portion of the returning officer's expenses for polling-booths and polling-clerks, etc., and he is permitted £100 of personal expenditure, of which he need give no account. His other outlays must come within the maximum. In a small borough it may be about £500 or £600, and in a large borough double that sum. In counties the maximum is much higher.

It is difficult to fight county constituencies for less than £1,500, and there are at least two in which the legal expenditure is considerably over £3,000. In a borough

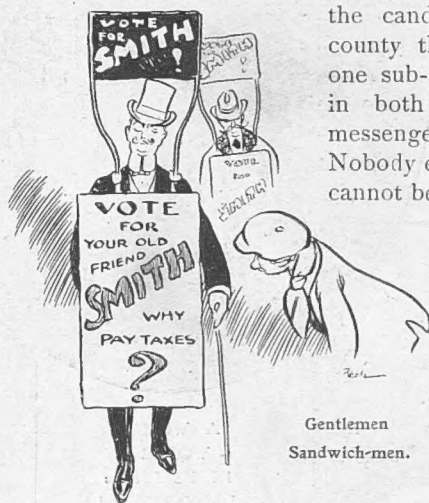


Voting by Suggestion.

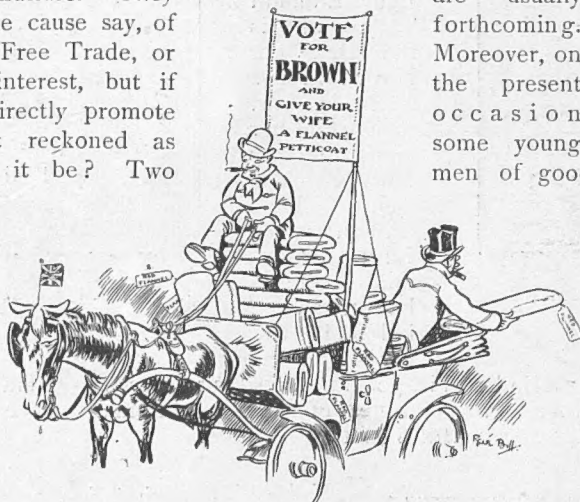
the candidate is limited to one agent, but in a county the candidate may have, besides the agent, one sub-agent for every polling district. There are in both cases a certain number of clerks and messengers, regulated by the number of voters. Nobody else can be paid. Sandwich-men, for instance, cannot be hired, but instead of employing messengers

at the committee-rooms, they may be turned into the streets with the sandwich-boards, or the bill-poster who is authorised by the Act may employ men to do this service. No paid canvassers are allowed and no hired vehicles. A cab-owner may not even lend cabs which are

ordinarily hired. Fortunately, a large number of vehicles are provided by private owners, and voluntary canvassers are usually forthcoming. Moreover, on the present occasion some young men of good



Gentlemen Sandwich-men.



Flags in Disguise.



The Candidate's Pet Aversion.

social position have acted as sandwich-men and carried boards with placards through the streets.

There are easy methods of getting round some of the obstacles. A candidate may not, for instance, distribute favours, but ladies work them at their own expense, and bring them to the committee-room; and there is nothing to prevent gallant men from wearing ladies' favours. In 1880 red flannel, professedly for flags, was distributed by certain candidates in sufficient quantities to make every wife a red petticoat! Thus it came about that expenditure on such badges was declared illegal.



# SOME PEOPLE WHO COULD HAVE CHOSEN THEIR OWN M.P.S IN THE GOOD OLD DAYS OF OPEN VOTING.



1. THE DUKE OF FIFE  
(Owner of about 249,300 acres).  
*Photograph by Downey.*

2. THE DUKE OF PORTLAND  
(Owner of about 183,200 acres).  
*Photograph by Russell.*

3. LADY MARY HAMILTON  
(The Wealthiest Woman in Great Britain).  
*Photograph by Lafayette, Bond Street.*

4. LORD LOVAT  
(Owner of about 181,800 acres).  
*Photograph by Whyte.*

5. THE DUKE OF DEVONSHIRE  
(Owner of about 186,000 acres).  
*Photograph by Poole.*

6. THE MARQUESS OF BUTE  
(Owner of about 117,000 acres).  
*Photograph by Russell.*

7. THE DUKE OF SUTHERLAND  
(Owner of about 1,358,600 acres).  
*Photograph by Russell.*

8. THE DUKE OF ATHOLL  
(Owner of about 202,000 acres).  
*Photograph by Maull and Fox.*

In the days when it was open to anyone to influence voters as they willed, such wealthy landowners as those whose portraits we give would have found themselves in the possession of at least one "pocket borough" apiece, able to use their powers to place practically anyone they chose in Parliament. Few tenants would have found it politic to oppose their wishes. To give a better idea of the acreages quoted, we may mention that the county of Surrey contains 483,200 acres.





By E. A. B.

**What he Would Do.** A feature of the present election contest has been the appearance at Liberal candidates' meetings of a number of resolute ladies who will not, one hopes, object to being described as young, displaying the banner, not so much of freedom as of inquiry, "What are you going to do for women?" At one meeting, just as the candidate was getting warmed to his task, there was a nervous little flutter at the back of the hall, and a dashing and handsome young steward saw a pretty heckler preparing to unfurl her banner. There upon it was the inevitable query. "Pardon me," he whispered; "bring it down to the individual; leave out for the time being the question of the entire



AN ELECTION POSTER BY DAME NATURE: THE "BIG LOAF" ROCK ON THE TOP OF GREAT ORME'S HEAD, NORTH WALES.

Photograph by W. H. Knowles.

sex." "What do you mean?" she asked. "Why, don't kick up a fuss," he answered cheerily; "and I'll marry you—that's what I'll do—marry you on behalf of the party."

**Asking Too Much.** The suffrage for women may or may not prove another step towards the millennium: meanwhile, many public men do not quite know how they stand in regard to the question. If they begin their career as suffragists, they end as anti-suffragists, and vice versa. The man in the street generally regards the question as did a certain beery individual who, when on his way to vote, was deferentially approached by two lady canvassers, who offered him a pamphlet setting forth the claims of women to a vote. Would he, they asked, vote for Mr. So-and-So, who supported the views enunciated in their pamphlet? "Well, but I can't read," he grumbled, looking at the pamphlet. "Oh," they answered, "it gives the reasons why women as well as men should have a vote." He handed it back in disdain. "I don't want it," he said. "The women don't know enough to vote!"

**The Humble and Meek.** At least one candidate has been declaring the term "Unionist" a synonym for "Workhouse" party. The trick is an adaptation of an incident at the 1900 election, when an elector was heard to denounce the appeals of the Unionist candidate, declaring "we've got enough of these 'ere workhouses a'ready." But votes go wrong at times even when distinguished men have them in possession. Year after year, when members of the Philosophical Society came to examine the ballot for the Presidency, they found one vote against Dalton, whom, of course, they were delighted to have as their President as long as he lived. The one vote was his own, given in favour of a friend not known to fame. It became a standing order, and nobody was surprised until the last occasion upon which, during the lifetime of the great chemist, the ballot was taken. There was the inevitable dissentient vote in the urn, but this time Dalton had voted that there should be elected to the post of President—the doorkeeper.

**The Inexpiable Sin.** Of all the good things done at this election to get votes to the poll, none has bettered Macaulay's rush to defeat the petition of the Cambridge Senate against the Catholic Claims. The minority demanded a poll, and, following a Scriptural precedent, issued a cry to London to "come over and help us." Macaulay whipped up a little coterie of enthusiasts, and together they packed a stage-coach, inside and out, with young Whig Masters of Arts from the Inns of Court, and sailed gaily down to Cambridge. They bowled up King's Parade just in time to turn the scale in favour of Emancipation, then dined

in glory at Trinity, and drove back to town the same evening. Vastly indignant were the enemies of Emancipation that their pure enthusiasm should be rendered of none effect owing to its being overridden by a coachful of "godless and briefless barristers."

#### Silvern Speech and Golden.

The Society of Arts will listen this evening to an interesting discourse by Dr. Aikin on the scientific aspects of voice-development. Kaiser William, who has been held guilty by the irreverent of talking out of his hat at times, knows something from personal experience of this subject in its literal application. He has undergone a course of treatment which has altered his method of voice-production—though the subject-matter of his discourses seems little changed in tone. Who has the finest speaking voice of public men? They say that Mr. Burns was physically the most powerful speaker in the late Parliament. But those who say that can never have heard Mr. Crooks. Hyde Park cannot drown his voice, and the Albert Hall reels under his vocal batteries. He was shaking the St. James's Hall one night in tones which would have out-roared a lion, when someone in the gallery facetiously piped, "Speak up, Bill." The Woolwich M.P. accepted the invitation seriously, and the tragedy of the bull and the frog really seemed certain to be re-enacted upon the platform.

#### Voices and a Vision.

Gladstone used to say that in all his life he knew but two perfect things—Palmerston's handwriting and the voice of the late Sir Robert Peel. Yet his own was a glorious organ. Lord Russell of Killowen placed the voice of Gladstone and those of Cockburn, Sir Robert, and the late Lord Coleridge, in that order, as the finest he had ever heard. To Disraeli Coleridge was a mediocrity; but a "silver-tongued mediocrity." But the voice of the melodious Sir Robert did not keep him out of scrapes. While he was at Berne he rode far upon a day when the sun was hot,



A SHOOTING-BOX IN WHICH VOTERS WERE "BOTTLED" IN THE GOOD OLD DAYS.

Before the introduction of the Ballot Act, when Parliamentary elections took place on the hustings by open voting, "bottling"—that is, getting unprincipled electors out of the way of being interfered with by the other party until they had voted—was a common practice, and our photograph shows a remote house, in the wilds of the Trough of Bowland, Lancashire, miles away from a railway station, which was made use of for this purpose, especially in the election of '53, when nearly a dozen Clitheroe electors were hustled away and locked up here for a considerable time, successfully standing a siege of "the other side," and finally being conveyed triumphantly to Clitheroe on the morning of the election to "vooat streight." The building is now used as a shooting-box by Lord Crawshaw.

Photograph by W. H. Knowles.

and determined to bathe. He hitched up his horse, and plunged into the River Aare. While he and the voice that charmed were beneath the waters, someone walked off with his clothes, and Sir Robert was left with nothing but horse, harness, and himself. He calmly mounted his steed and rode into Berne in nothing but his stirrups.



# THE SCOT AS REPRESENTED BY THE ENGLISH ACTOR:

CHARACTERS IN "BESIDE THE BONNIE BRIER BUSH," AT THE ST. JAMES'S.



1. MR. ALEC F. THOMPSON  
As Archibald McKittrick—"Wee Posty," a Village Letter-carrier.

5. MR. SIDNEY BROUGH  
As Tammas Mitchell—a Shepherd.

2. MISS LILIAN BRAITHWAITE  
As Flora Campbell.

4. MISS LETTICE FAIRFAX  
As Kate Carnegie.

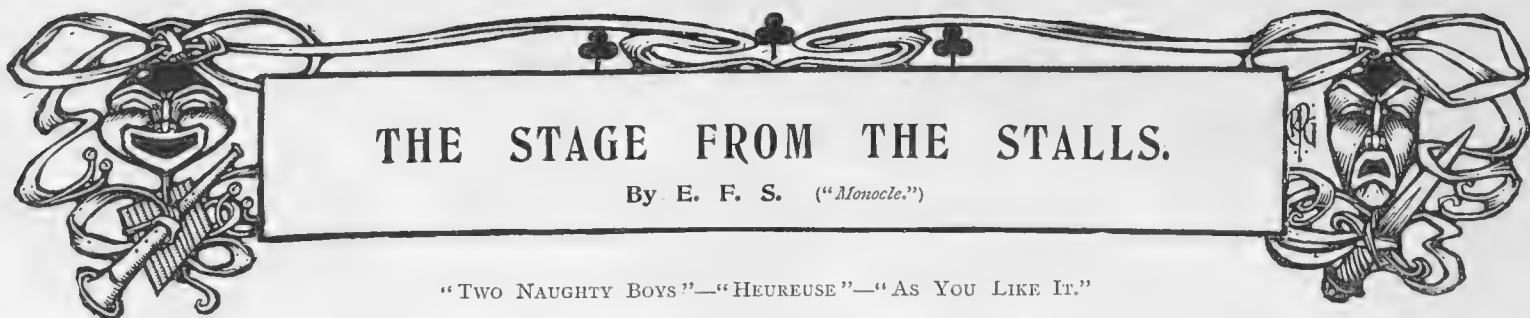
3. MR. WILLIAM MOLLISON  
As Lachlan Campbell.

6. MR. HENRY AINLEY  
As Lord Donald Hay.

The dramatic version of Ian MacLaren's "Beside the Bonnie Brier Bush" gave way to "As You Like It" on Saturday last, but is still being played at Thursday matinées.

Photographs by Bassano.





## THE STAGE FROM THE STALLS.

By E. F. S. ("Monocle.")

"TWO NAUGHTY BOYS"—"HEUREUSE"—"AS YOU LIKE IT."

IT has long been believed that no jest, however fine, will amuse the bulk of our playgoers as much as the presentation of a practical joke, so it is hardly surprising that a work consisting chiefly of practical jokes by two naughty boys causes roars of laughter, in which the old folk join as heartily as the young. Mr. George Grossmith junior has contrived a workmanlike method of enabling Max and Moritz to play their pranks, despite the efforts of Grizel and Gretchen to lead them from the path of Buster Brown. To the schoolboy at home for his holidays the piece must appeal irresistibly, unless schoolboys have changed very much since my time, whilst, of course, an appeal is contrived to the taste of grown-up Gaietyites; for it is the rule of the Christmas entertainer that he must please both young and old. There are two methods of making such an appeal: one, the "Peter Pan" method, in which everything—a few flaws apart—appeals to everybody successfully; and the other, that in which some parts are intended for one class and others for another. Unfortunately, the "Peter Pan" method demands genius, and specimens are very rare. There is plenty of music in "Two Naughty Boys," mostly by Miss Constance Tippet, which is pleasant, tuneful, and judiciously unambitious. The naughty boys are presented capably by Mr. Edmund Payne and Mr. William Spray, who seem to revel in their work; whilst the good girls, Miss Alice Hatton and Miss Coralie Blythe, serve as a pleasant foil. The latter sang a pretty little "doll" ballad quite daintily, whilst Miss Doris Stocker was charming as the Fairy Daffydowndilly.

From the simple, elementary humours of "Two Naughty Boys" to such a play as "Heureuse" is a big step. In the one people always say what they mean, in the other they very rarely mean what they say, except when Madame Réjane frankly employs concerning two of her friends such a straightforward phrase as "Oh, la sale bête!" There is simplicity in the scheme of MM. Hennequin and Bilhaud, but some subtlety in the treatment. The plot has been in the air for a long time. To say that in the first act we find a young woman tired of a tactless husband and overfond of a discreet lover; that by the second act she has divorced the husband and married the lover, and found that in changing his position he has changed his disposition; and that in the third act husband number one has become lover number two, to the detriment of husband number two formerly lover number one, is to appear to be talking about a large number of French farces. The collusive quarrel and pre-arranged box on the ears, which serve as foundation for the divorce, have happened often enough on the boards, and, let us hope, never in real life. There is at least one clever new piece of business. The lover who becomes husband—his name is Antonin Bois-Gibert—mindful of the devices by which he and Gilberte, the wife, tricked her former husband, is very suspicious of her movements, nor does he become tranquil when she says that it is an insult to her inventive powers to suggest that she cannot find novel devices with which to deceive a new husband. He is always on the alert and discovering mare's-nests. When he resolves to supervise her outdoor conduct by

accompanying her, she pretends to write a letter, pretends to be fearful of discovery, hides it in her room, and locks the door; thereupon he gets the key from her by force and rushes into the room. She turns the key, locks him in, puts on hat and cloak, and marches off triumphantly, leaving the audience in a roar. We do not often get such a neat little trick as that even in imported farce. And it is to be hoped that "Heureuse" will not be imported and toned down, purified, etc., for the English market, since the point of its jokes would vanish if told in blunt English, and an attempt to render it edifying would involve a tremendous risk of ruining a merry, irresponsible, slightly shocking, harmless, funny farce. Besides we have no Réjane—that I know of—to represent Gilberte, and the lack of her fine, broad, impudent humour would be almost fatal. I daresay the authors protest that she sometimes passes bounds, that Gilberte is more of a lady than she seems at the Royalty, but the fault matters little in farce. Nor are *jeunes premiers* with such a sense of fun and style as M. Pierre Magnier common in our theatres—or anywhere; his acting as the husband was very clever. The Antonin Bois-Gibert of M. Burguet was quite ingeniously amusing, and the presence in a cast of Mlle. Avril always gives pleasure.

Mr. William Mollison in putting on "As You Like It" provides himself, Miss Braithwaite, Mr. Ainley and his company generally with something better to do than they have in "Beside the Bonnie Brier Bush," which still remains in the bill. At this time of day there is not much left to be said about Shakspeare's popular pastoral comedy. We all have our ideals of Rosalind, of Orlando, and of Jaques; we have seen them in theatres acted by players of genius, we have seen them on real grass among real trees in evenings really chilly and in evenings delightfully warm; and we have loved them sometimes very much, and sometimes very little. The present

production will probably not rouse any very great enthusiasm; but it is a good average performance, mounted with taste but without undue extravagance. Miss Braithwaite is, of course, quite at home as Rosalind—a part which is not new to her—she plays it with spirit and feeling; and Mr. Ainley's Orlando is a fine figure of a man, with the proper touch of youthfulness and poetry. Their scenes together were very daintily managed, as befits the hero and heroine of a pastoral age. The wit of Touchstone is always a trifle heavy, and Mr. Charles Groves can hardly be said to have done much to lighten it; but he got very well through a task in which no one ever achieves a triumph. Mr. Mollison took the melancholy Jaques, with much emphasis on "All the world's a stage"—a little too much emphasis, perhaps, for he seized the occasion to make up in melancholy for an unusual cheerfulness which marked the rest of his performance. It is always a temptation to treat these "purple passages" as recitations while the chorus groups itself round and points out their brilliance. Of the rest, Miss Lettice Fairfax was a very charming Celia, and the wrestling match was most realistic, Mr. R. Fitzgerald managing a somersault which looked as if it hurt; but the chorus took it calmly.



MISS PHYLLIS DARE'S FIRST APPEARANCE AT NEWCASTLE: THE POPULAR YOUNG ACTRESS AS CINDERELLA, AT THE THEATRE ROYAL.

Photograph by Bassano.



*Makers of the British Stage.*

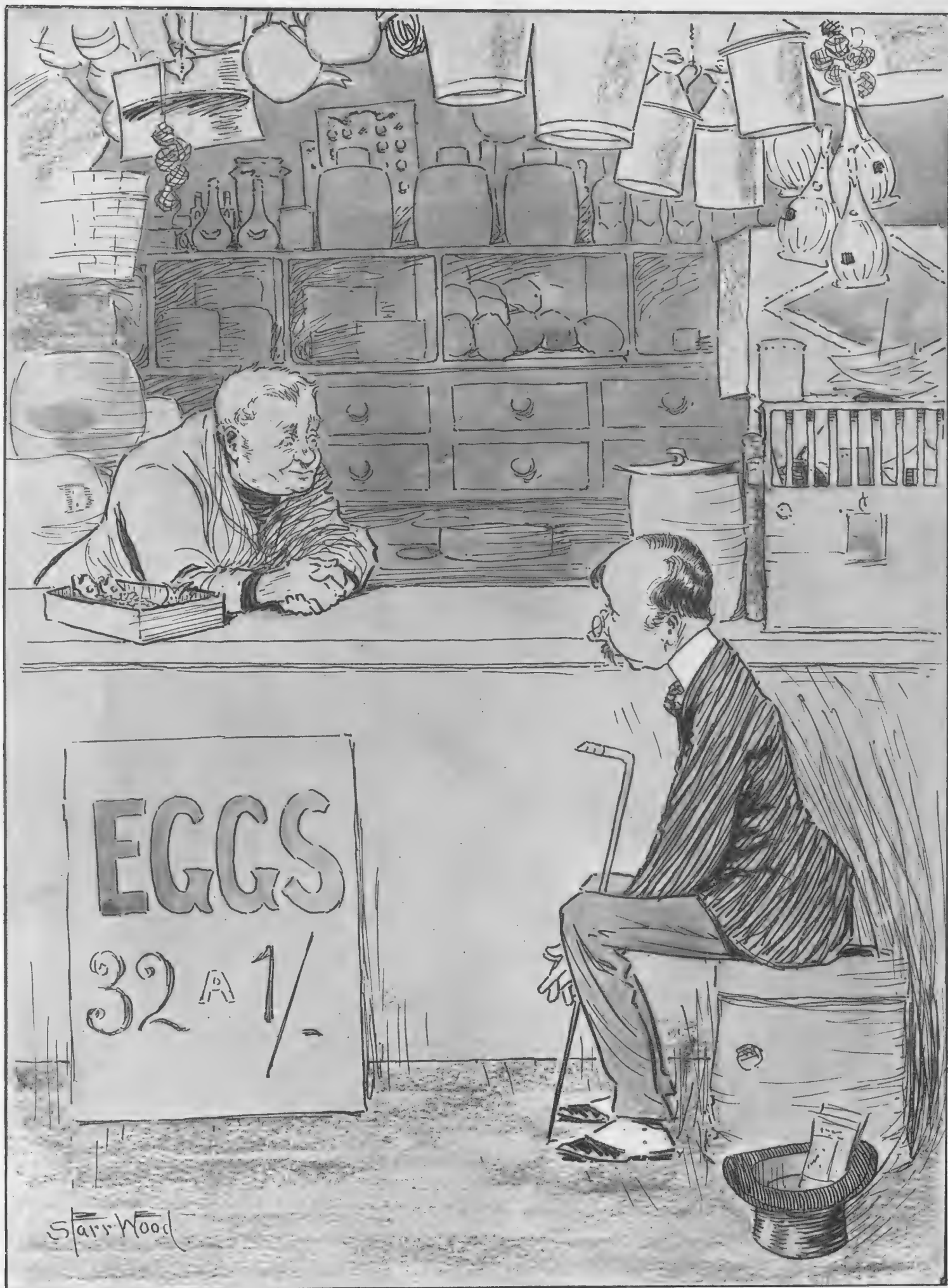


VI.—SIR CHARLES WYNDHAM.

DRAWN, BY G. C. WILMSHURST, FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY THE DOVER STREET STUDIOS.



BUYING THE ENEMY'S AMMUNITION:  
AN ELECTION EXTRAVAGANCE.



"PREVENTION IS BETTER THAN CURE."

THE CANDIDATE: And you might send some eggs round to my hotel.

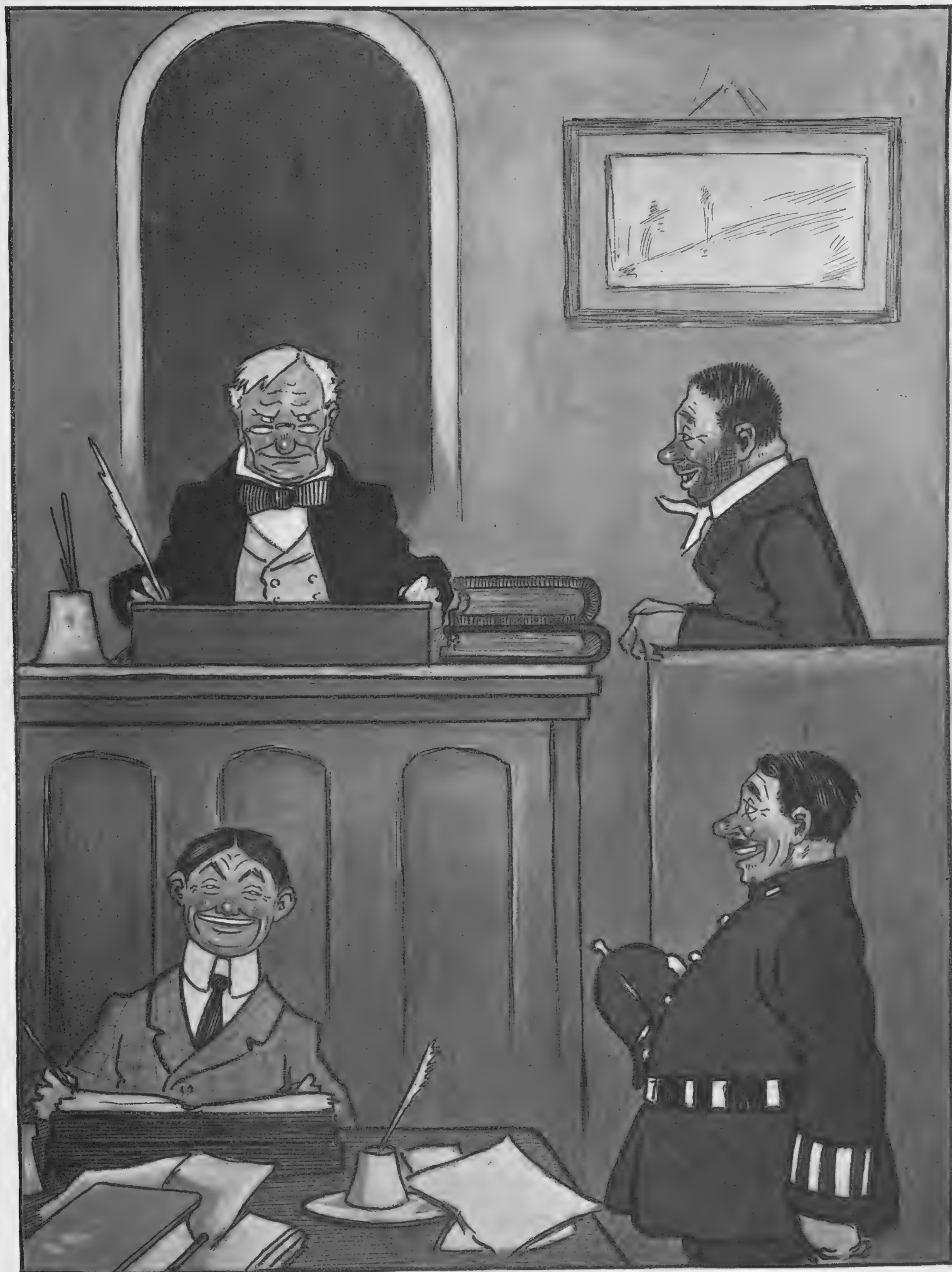
VILLAGE ELECTOR: Yes, Sir. How many would you like?

THE CANDIDATE: I—I think I'll take all you've got.

DRAWN BY STARR WOOD.



## THE LABOURER WORTHY OF HIS HIRE.



MAGISTRATE AND M.P.: After mature and careful consideration of your case, I have come to the conclusion that you are a lazy, good-for-nothing rogue. May I ask if you ever earned a shilling in your life?

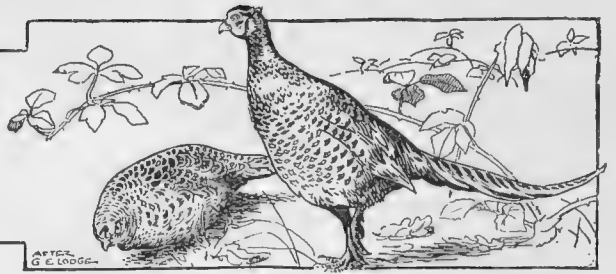
PRISONER: Oh, yes, I have, yer 'onour. I voted for yer 'onour once.

DRAWN BY CHARLES LANE VICARY.





## WEEK-END PAPERS



By S. L. BENSUSAN.

### *The Earth-stopper: A Survival.*

I came upon an interesting old man in the course of a country ramble the other day. He has put more than eighty years to his credit, and is now the pensioner of a couple of kindly hunting men. In his early days, and down to comparatively recent times, the veteran earned the greater part of his living as an earth-stopper. It was his duty to be thoroughly well acquainted with the haunts and habits of Brer Fox, and when the hunt was coming into the district he would set out at night on his pony, a well-trained terrier, or even two, following him, and with the old horn lantern that still hangs in his sitting-room kitchen to give him necessary light. He would labour industriously throughout the darkest hours barring the entrance to the earths, and in his time must have been a keen observer of nature; but now, unfortunately, he is too feeble to be quite sure about what he has seen. But he is still wide-awake enough to declare that hunting is going to the dogs, and his fears, or they may be hopes, are founded upon the fact that the pony has been dead these many years, that the old dog is buried in the back garden, and that the hunt does not employ a proper earth-stopper now. Every village has some man who is entrusted with the stopping when the hunt is coming round, and this, declared the old man, must of necessity lead to the ruin of fox-hunting. He did not give any reason, and as I supposed he thought that I ought to be intelligent enough to see it unaided, I dared not ask for one.

### *The Other Side of the Cap.*

A friend who passes most of his waking hours in the saddle, points out that cap-ping has many and serious drawbacks. He declares that there are men who refuse to pay, and are equally averse from going home. There is no cure for the complaint of this class of man, and it is illegal to shoot stray specimens as an example to other evildoers. Then, again, the position of the secretary whose business it is to collect the levy is hardly a pleasant one, because practical jokers have been known to pay a two-pound cap in half-crowns, and when a man has had instalments of sixteen half-crowns at a time pressed upon him, his riding weight, to say nothing of his comfort, must suffer considerably. Of course, it may be urged against this than he can have assistance, and send the money home before he settles down to his sport. Against this, my correspondent points out that there is the unfortunate fact that, while most men respond with comparative cheerfulness to the secretary's appeal, very few indeed go out of their way to meet trouble, while some will keep in the background with a modesty that for once is quite unbecoming. Then, again, the field has turned out for sport, and raising money is, at best, an awkward and unpleasant necessity. The whole question is a matter of taste. If a hunting man be a gentleman, he will carefully refrain from doing anything to embarrass the master or delay the field. If he be the other sort of man, he is likely to remain a trouble to the hunt until he is disposed of by some legal procedure that has yet to be discovered.

### *Ground-Game.*

From all accounts, this would seem to be a singularly bad year for ground-game. Even in parts where there has been no lack of hares or rabbits, one hears that the former are not strong runners, and that the latter are not healthy. In the North of England, in a part where I chanced to be shooting quite recently, rabbits seemed to be almost innumerable; but their size was small, and four out of five had some trace of diseased liver. I am inclined to believe that as far as the rabbits are concerned, the disease is due to neglect on the part of the shooting tenant or his landlord. If you want rabbits to thrive, their ranks must be thinned regularly every winter, a strain of fresh blood should be introduced every now and again, and some of the products that rabbits take from the soil should be renewed. Common gas-lime affords one of the cheapest and most effective means of improving land that rabbits have wasted. The breaking up of old burrows is very useful too—at least, I am convinced that very old earths seldom hide very healthy rabbits. It is a common occurrence, too, for ferrets to leave dead rabbits in the depths of old earths where they cannot be retrieved; and though rabbits are popularly supposed to desert such an earth, I am inclined to the conviction that this belief is a mere half-truth. They leave, and others take their place.

### *Strengthening the Breed.*

The question of improving or strengthening the breed is a much simpler one than most people imagine. Several friends of mine who are fond of rabbit-shooting have at various times put down Belgian does. As might have been expected, foxes, and perhaps stoats and weasels, made short work of these strangers before they had learned to protect themselves. A much simpler and more effective plan is to capture a score of wild does by the aid of nets and ferrets, and keep them awhile in captivity with a few Belgian buck-rabbits. I have brought about a singular improvement in the stock by following this very simple device. It is more difficult to explain the bad condition of hares. Perhaps the weather was unfavourable when most of them were born, perhaps their ground has been overrun by rabbits. It is certain that rabbits and hares are not good friends. I have seen a hare driven out of a field by half-a-dozen rabbits, and few hares seem to care to feed near rabbits among the root crops. It is very likely that the hare resents the bad manners of the rabbit. When a rabbit goes to seek food in a field of turnips, for example, he passes from one root to another, nibbling away, and does no little damage. The hare, on the other hand, is a gentleman. He picks out one root and eats steadily until he has taken all he wants. Though he does not mind following a rabbit to a garden or a place where vegetables grow, he has the greatest possible objection to any close association with his cousins. It seems likely that rabbits spoil the ground for hares, and it is certain that the latter thrive best on the level grass and marshland where rabbits are comparatively scarce.



A FOOTBALL-CUP OF COAL.

The trophy here illustrated was made of cannel coal by Mr. George Turton, engineman at Linby Colliery, Hucknall Torkard, and weighs over a hundredweight. It has been competed for in the football field on several occasions.  
*Photograph by Jackson.*



A "SIAMESE-TWIN" TORTOISE.

The two-headed box tortoise is the property of Mr. E. S. Schmid, a taxidermist of Washington. Concerning it, the *Scientific American* says: "The turtle, which is of a common and well-known variety and whose scientific name is *Terrapene Carolina*, was found in Fairfax County, Virginia, near Mount Vernon, and with the exception of its superfluity of heads appears to differ little from the ordinary representatives of its kind. The animal appears to be about four months old, and measures some two by one and three-quarters inches, the shell being possibly a trifle larger than would ordinarily be the case. The two heads are nearly of the same size, and as far as can be seen are perfect in all respects. Its other visible members do not exceed the usual number, and it is probably not incorrect to conclude that the multiplicity is confined to the heads. These do not feed together, but do so separately and alternately, and appear, furthermore, to be otherwise independent."

*By courtesy of the "Scientific American."*

## ORIGINS OF MODERN ETIQUETTE.

*(According to a "Sketch" Historian.)*

## IV.—WHY IT IS POLITE AND POLITIC TO MAKE OBEISANCE BEFORE THE SOVEREIGN.

Members of the Court of King Henry Strongl'th'arm realised with speed that it was advisable to duck discreetly on entering the audience-chamber on one of his lamented Majesty's strenuous mornings.

DRAWN BY LAWSON WOOD.



## THE LITERARY LOUNGER.

THE publication of Mr. Winston Churchill's *Life of his father* is the literary event of the year so far, and the General Election is bringing forth its usual crop of political books. It is acknowledged on all sides that Mr. Winston Churchill's book is a masterpiece, and, indeed, it is rather surprising that his early works have not attracted more attention and maintained a longer life. Mr. Churchill has pre-eminently what a writer has called an "efficiency" style. Like his father, he can coin memorable phrases, and the current of his narrative is always strong. It is simplicity, point, pith, movement that people ask for nowadays. Perhaps it is true, as the critic referred to has suggested, that for actual directness of style there is nobody to beat the First Napoleon. The conqueror had this style from the beginning. When he was a starving Lieutenant in Auxonne, the year before the Revolution, he wrote a series of notes on British history which he never surpassed for energy and directness. The advantages of publishing in January may be seen by the large place allotted to reviews of Mr. Churchill's book, and that in the thick of political excitement. In any circumstances, the volume would have had to be noticed; but I do not think it would have received the full and lengthy discussion in which practically all the daily papers have indulged. The *Athenæum* and *Spectator* were, for once, most prompt in their criticisms. The *Athenæum* article, which was, no doubt, from the well-informed pen of Sir Charles Dilke, says that there is some imperfection in the account given of the relation of Lord Randolph to the problem of Home Rule in 1885, though the book otherwise is a piece of history to be generally trusted. The suggestion is that Lord Carnarvon was appointed by Lord Salisbury as a Lord Lieutenant favourable to Home Rule—that is, to Home Rule in the milder sense attached to the phrase up to the end of the summer of 1885. It is the ambiguity of the words "Home Rule" that has caused and still causes constant misunderstandings. Mr. Chamberlain's scheme of 1885 was a very large one, and was described by his friends, if not by himself, as a scheme for Home Rule. It was, however, a very small one when compared with Mr. Gladstone's Bills of 1886 and 1893.

Mr. J. M. Dent, who has already so honourable a record in reprints, has a scheme in hand which will eclipse all his former achievements. He projects a new library, not merely of books which are likely to have a popular sale only, but of the literature people want to read but cannot buy at a popular price. Mr. Dent hopes in a few years to have a collection as large as the famous Bohn series. It is stated that an early volume is to be a complete Macaulay's "History of England" in good large type at half-a-crown. Each volume is to be edited by a capable critic, saving, of course, the copyright works of living authors

which may be included. One London wholesale house has already booked up orders for over a hundred thousand volumes of the series.

A Glasgow firm, Messrs. Gowans and Gray, have been showing singular taste and knowledge in their reprints, and they deserve to be much better known on this side of the Tweed. Among their publications are excellent editions of Cervantes and Keats. They are to issue a little volume of the hundred best French lyrical poems, and they have already printed selections from the German and the Latin.

Of the Latin it is sufficient to say that the choice has been made by Mr. J. W. Mackail, whose history of Latin literature is in itself a classic—the most successful short history of a literature, it may be said, that has ever been written.

A new edition of the well-known novel, "Lay Down Your Arms," by the Baroness von Süttner, is to be published immediately by Messrs. Longmans. The story is a picture of the horrors of war both as affecting the soldiers themselves and those they leave behind them at home. When first published it made an extraordinary impression on the Continent, and in recognition of the services she had rendered to the cause of peace the author was awarded recently the Nobel prize.

Mrs. William Sharp is to write the *Life of her husband*, and she asks that letters and documents should be sent to her at 21, Woronzow Road, St. John's Wood. Till then it is not likely that Mrs. Sharp will take any notice of the "Fiona Macleod" discussion.

One of the most valuable and delightful books that has been published for a long time is the Clarendon Press edition of Dr. Johnson's "Lives of the Poets," edited by the late Dr. Birkbeck Hill. It is simply a mine of information. In the course of a very long examination

I have found almost no points untouched. In one respect it is perhaps better than Dr. Hill's classical and probably final edition of Boswell's *Life of Johnson*. There is less superfluous annotation—in fact, there is none. Dr. Birkbeck Hill, though an eminent scholar, was no Dryasdust. He had his own opinions, and could express them sharply and tartly on occasions. Naturally the annotation of Johnson's "Lives of the Poets" enabled him to express his views on some of the most difficult problems of literary history—for example, those connected with Swift and with Pope. I am glad to find that Dr. Hill did not believe in the alleged marriage between Swift and Stella. He does not refer to the masterly discussion of Mr. Paget, which probably gave the death-blow to that in every way improbable story. Dr. Hill's view of Pope is very unfavourable, though he perhaps scarcely goes so far as Mr. Elwin. Should not more allowance be made for a man who struggled through life under such a burden of deformity and disease?

O. O.

### NEW COVERS FOR OLD SONGS:

#### IV.—MR. F. LAMBERT'S "THE NIGHT HAS A THOUSAND EYES."

(Words by F. W. Bourdillon.)



"THE NIGHT HAS A THOUSAND EYES."

DRAWN BY G. L. STAMPA.

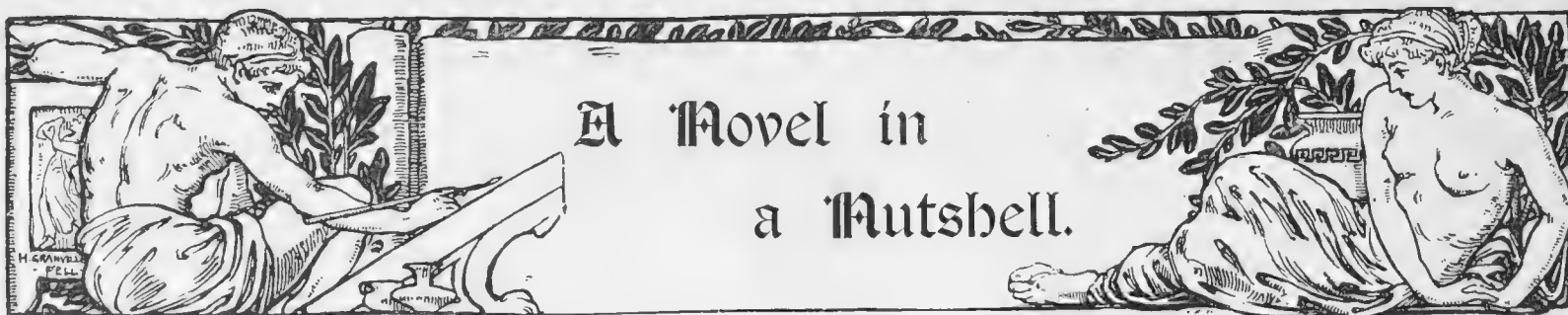
A MUSIC-HALL "STAR'S" FIRST APPEARANCE IN PANTOMIME.



MR. BRANSBY WILLIAMS AS THE BARON IN "THE BABES IN THE WOOD," AT THE SHAKESPEARE THEATRE, LIVERPOOL.

*Photograph by Foulsham and Banfield; fairies and so forth by "The Sketch."*





## A Novel in a Nutshell.

### THE SCHOOLGIRL AND THE WRECK.

BY EMERIC HULME BEAMAN.

IT was at a dance—one of those delightful nondescript little affairs ostensibly designed for the edification of children, but at which you will always find a considerable sprinkling of “grown-ups,” who are careful to explain that they are there merely for the sake of enjoying the enjoyment of the youngsters—a vicarious form of pleasure in which, however, some of them (the younger “elders” particularly) appear to indulge with a fervour singularly gratifying to the student of unselfishness—it was at a children’s dance, in fact, that the Wreck (much against his will) found himself present one evening, driven thither (literally, for he shared her barouche) by the irritating persistency of Lady Dorothea Draymore.

“You will find it an excellent tonic for the jaded worldly palate,” she explained kindly.

“Like quinine—bitter to the taste,” he objected. “There will be young girls there who can’t talk, and old girls who talk too much. I think,” he added anxiously, as the carriage approached its destination, “I’ll get out. I don’t want a tonic. I don’t, really——”

“Nonsense!” interrupted Lady Dorothea firmly. “See—we are there.”

The Wreck groaned. But it was too late to escape. The groom had already flung open the carriage door, and Lady Dorothea was sweeping up the broad, carpeted flight of steps that led into the hall.

The Wreck followed her, and a few minutes later they were standing on the threshold of the ball-room, surveying the scene within.

Lady Dorothea turned an appreciative smile on him.

“I call this quite a charming picture,” she observed, waving her fan to indicate the dancers. “All these delightful children—and how pretty some of them are! It makes one feel quite young again to see them.”

“But they are not all children,” remarked the Wreck, knitting his brows. “I can discern at least half-a-dozen men of mature years, and as many middle-aged maidens skipping about among them.”

“Exactly,” said Lady Dorothea. “It’s so nice for grown-ups to help the little ones enjoy themselves, I think. So amiable of them!”

“Oh!” said the Wreck. “It seems,” he added thoughtfully, “to be a case in which amiability carries something more than its own reward.”

“I must really have a cup of tea,” said Lady Dorothea, turning abruptly. “Take me to the room, please. It’s over there.”

The Wreck obediently piloted his companion to the desired bourn and presently left her there to pursue his investigations alone. His instincts dimly suggested a card-room, with whisky and cigars; but an intuition ordinarily faultless had for the moment been tripped into overlooking the fact that this was a children’s ball. The comforts of adult Wrecks were obviously not included in the catering scheme of such entertainments.

He tottered wearily back from his fruitless quest, and as he turned the corner of a corridor, collided with a vivacious lady whom he knew.

“Oh, I beg your pardon, but——What, is it you, Mr. Egerton?” exclaimed the lady, recovering from the shock of the impact, and cutting short her apology as she recognised the man she was addressing.

“Positively,” said the Wreck. “I wish it wasn’t.”

“Why, what on earth brought you here?” she inquired, not without genuine surprise.

“Lady Dorothea,” he answered. “She insisted upon bringing me. You are aware that she is the most obstinate woman in London. She brought me. I am here. And I want to get away while she is not looking. I left her just now in the tea and bun department, talking to half-a-dozen other engaging dowagers——”

“Lady Dorothea—ah, of course. Her young nieces and nephews are here——”

“And eating cake,” pursued the Wreck, ignoring the interruption. “So I am thinking of just slipping away quietly, don’t you know. This sort of thing shatters me. I feel quite ill already. Do I look ill?”

The lady, after a conscientious scrutiny of his face, shook her head. She had vivacity without humour, and was brutally literal in her interpretations of life.

“Not in the least—indeed, nobody would suspect that you were not in the rudest of health,” she replied.

The Wreck sighed resignedly. He was accustomed to these misunderstandings.

“Appearances are so deceptive,” he remarked.

And as he spoke his eye lit for the first time on the form of a young girl standing in the shadow behind the vivacious lady. Her glance met his, and instantly fell with a bewitching demureness. The lady turned.

“Constance,” she said, “come and be introduced to Mr. Egerton. The daughter of a friend of mine,” she explained to the Wreck. “Miss Constance Dawne. I have brought her with my party to-night. You must really stay and dance just one dance with her, Mr. Egerton—an act of charity!” she whispered.

The Wreck darted a look at the vivacious lady. It implied infinite reproach—the reproach of a trust betrayed. Then he directed a second look at Miss Constance Dawne, and his brow cleared somewhat.

“Just one,” he murmured, half to himself.

“She is only a schoolgirl—a simple schoolgirl!” explained the lady in an undertone.

“A simple schoolgirl,” echoed the Wreck, nodding.

“It will be an education for her,” continued the lady, in the same confidential aside. “Constance, let me introduce Mr. Egerton—Miss Dawne. Take her into the ball-room,” she added, “there’s a good man. You will find me with Lady Dorothea, you know.”

The vivacious lady disappeared with a laugh, leaving the schoolgirl hanging timidly on the Wreck’s arm.

“I suppose,” began the Wreck, “it is the correct thing to ask you for a waltz. But I don’t dance.”

“Why not?” asked the Schoolgirl.

“I have lost my nerve,” he explained. “Would you like an ice?”

“No, thanks. I have just had two.”

“A bun?”

“No, thanks.”

“A—a sandwich, or an oyster-pâté?”

“Do I look very hungry?” she demanded; and as the Wreck gazed at her conscientiously she gave a mischievous little laugh. “I assure you, I dined very well,” she added.

“Then what shall we do?” he inquired, with a certain helplessness.

“If you can’t—won’t—don’t dance, I suppose the only thing is to—sit out,” she suggested.

“Where?” asked the Wreck, looking round.

“Oh, if you like, I’ll show you. I know the very place.”

“Then I resign myself to your guidance,” he replied.

The Schoolgirl turned and proceeded without a pause through a devious labyrinth of stairways and corridors until they reached a little cushioned nook hidden away behind a mass of palms.

“You seem to know this place pretty well,” observed the Wreck, glancing around him, critically appreciative.

“I have been here often,” she explained. “And this is the most comfortable spot to sit out a dance in.”

The Wreck pulled forward a low armchair for her and took another himself.

“I believe it must be,” he agreed, sitting down.

The light from an upright, shaded lamp fell softly on the Schoolgirl’s face, and he observed that she was remarkably pretty.

“Pardon me,” he said, “but I am afraid I have forgotten—I didn’t quite catch—your name.”

“Constance,” she replied simply, “but I am generally called Connie—Dawne.”

“Connie Dawne,” he repeated dreamily.

“And yours?” she said. “Pardon me, but I have forgotten—I didn’t quite catch—Mr.—Mr. ——”

“Connie Dawne,” murmured the Wreck to himself.

“Oh, nonsense! It can’t be,” she protested.

“The sweetest name that ever——” he began.

“Love waxed weary of!” she completed for him, and laughed softly.

[Continued on page 24.]

ELECTION INTELLIGENCE.



"We fear that Mr. Willy Weary, the eminent free-fooder, is in danger of losing his seat."—"THE WOFFLESBURY WEEKLY."

DRAWN BY G. M. PAYNE.



"Great Heavens!" exclaimed the Wreck, shooting into an upright position. "You don't mean to say that you have read *Swinburne*?"

"Yes," she admitted demurely, casting her eyes down. "Some—not all, you know. But I don't think the name he—he referred to was Connie Dawne—was it?"

"You astound me," he remarked. "I thought you were a schoolgirl!"

"So I am—or was," she replied. "I left last term."

"But do schoolgirls read *Swinburne*?"

"Of course. It is in the curriculum. English Literature—Modern Poetry. *Swinburne* comes under the heading of Modern Poetry."

"I had never read *Swinburne* when I was *your* age," said the Wreck firmly.

"No, I daresay not," retorted the Schoolgirl. "Boys are so backward."

He gazed at her a moment reflectively.

"But if you have left school you are no longer a schoolgirl?"

"No, I am no longer a schoolgirl," she observed, drawing herself up. "I'm a woman."

"A woman!" objected the Wreck. "Why, you can't be more than sixteen or so!"

"To be exact, I am seventeen. Seventeen three months ago. One confidence deserves another. How old are you?"

"I—bless my soul!" exclaimed the Wreck, taken aback. "I'm a veritable Methuselah. I'm horribly old. Centuries!"

"At a guess," she observed, looking at him critically, "thirty-six—or perhaps seven."

"Good heavens!" said the Wreck, "how did you know that?"

"A guess!" she laughed, clapping her hands. "Correct?"

"Quite," he admitted. "Thirty-seven yesterday. That must seem terribly old to *you*."

"Not a bit. I think it's a ripping age for a man to be. He has got some sense, you know, by that time. I should think," she added reflectively, "that *you* had some sense, although you manage pretty successfully to conceal it."

"It is the prerogative of schoolgirls," he retorted stiffly, "to be rude."

"I meant it kindly," she remarked unabashed. "I think you require stimulating."

"You are perfectly right," said the Wreck, brightening visibly. "But there are apparently—er—no stimulants provided this evening."

"What, *none*?" inquired the Schoolgirl innocently.

"Nothing stronger than claret-cup, I assure you," he answered, shaking his head.

She made a little face of disgust.

"Drink is the curse of the age," she enunciated solemnly.

The Wreck started.

"Avoid truisms!" he said severely.

"What is a truism?"

"Something that sounds true, but is generally false," he explained.

"Like a man's vows," she suggested.

He looked at her suspiciously.

"You have been reading cheap fiction," he said. "Try Meredith for a change."

"I have," she replied, "but I can't understand him."

"His works, I hear, are going shortly to be translated," said the Wreck encouragingly. Then, recollecting himself, he added, "I don't drink."

"Is *that* a truism too?" she inquired.

The Wreck pulled himself together. The education of the Schoolgirl was not, after all, so simple a matter.

"No—a fact," he said sternly.

"I hoped it was a mere—idea," she cooed. "You see, you can always get over 'facts.' Carlyle says so."

"Carlyle!" he exclaimed, ignoring the innuendo.

She nodded.

"He was in the curriculum, too," she explained. "Facts, you know, are easy to deal with; but opinions—"

"Have *you* opinions?" he demanded, with sudden curiosity.

"Certainly!" she said with asperity. "All girls have."

"I should like to hear them," he suggested.

"Well, then—on what subject?"

"Men," he said promptly.

"The general or particular?"

"Oh, the general—shall we say—first?"

"Man," she began, drawing her softly pencilled brows together, "is not a very complex animal. He can be easily seen through by any intelligent woman. His desires are mainly personal, his interests mainly selfish. He can be controlled by flattery, governed by submission. He—"

"Stop!" interposed the Wreck. "You are talking sheer copybook nonsense!"

"Oh!" she exclaimed.

"Yes," he explained with a superior condescension. "That sort of man lives nowhere out of a girls' schoolroom. Occasionally you may find him in young ladies' novels. Nowhere else, I assure you."

The Schoolgirl gave a little rippling laugh.

"I was quoting," she confessed, "from an essay on Man—not Pope's—written by one of our fourth-form girls last term."

"She must have been a very forward little hussy," said the Wreck.

"But I don't want quotations from fourth-form girls' essays. I want to hear your own opinions. Let us revert to the Particular."

"My opinion, then, on—whom?" she asked.

The Wreck reflected a moment.

"On me," he said judiciously, leaning back in his chair, and placing the tips of his fingers together.

The Schoolgirl opened her wide eyes upon him with a bland and innocent stare.

"What am I to say?" she inquired.

"What you think," he replied good-humouredly.

"And—you won't mind?"

"Not a bit."

"Then I think you're rather a—*sham*!" came the unblushing rejoinder.

"A sham!" he exclaimed wrathfully, jerking forward.

She gave her curls a pretty deprecating shake.

"I may, of course, be wrong," she admitted. "But you said you wouldn't mind!"

"I don't," said the Wreck with an effort. "Go on."

"Yet you deny it."

"Certainly."

"Well, what *are* you?" she persisted.

"A wreck," he answered mournfully.

"Good gracious!" exclaimed the Schoolgirl. "What's that?"

"Perhaps you don't believe it?" he asked with fine irony.

"But what *is* a wreck?" she reiterated.

"A man," he explained with solemn emphasis, "who has drunk life's cup to the bitter dregs, who has exhausted every capacity for enjoyment, who has at the age of forty sounded the heights and depths of human folly, whose constitution is ruined by disinterested experiments in various fields of emotional research, who—"

"Stop!" she interrupted him. "Aren't you talking—er—a kind of copybook nonsense? I am sure I've read exactly those words in some novel—"

"*Mine*!" he said proudly.

"Yours!" exclaimed the Schoolgirl. "Have *you* written a novel?"

"Yes," he sighed. "I have done almost everything, I tell you. I have lived a fearful life." He shuddered.

The Schoolgirl nodded sympathetically.

"Poor fellow!" she murmured. "Yet you don't look it," she added inconsequently.

"Don't look it—don't look *what*?" he demanded.

"A—a—well, a *dreggy* man, you know."

"I should hope not," said the Wreck with dignity.

"Then if you don't look what you are, or are not what you look, you *must* be a sham!" she cried triumphantly. "I said so."

"Pray proceed with your analysis," he remarked icily. "A sham. What else—?"

She fixed an impartial glance upon his face.

"A strong, healthy—yes, rather handsome man of thirty-seven, who pretends to be a wreck," she went on, "but is nothing but an imposture; who pretends to be fearfully old, but is really scarcely more than a boy; who plays at being *blasé* for the sake of effect, who tries to impose upon himself in order that he may impose upon other people by fancying he has lived a fearful life, and who has done nearly everything but the one thing that is worth doing—"

She paused, and her eyes dropped. The Wreck heaved a profound sigh.

"Out of the mouths of babes," he murmured. "But what is the one thing that is worth doing, may I ask?"

"Falling in love," she said gently.

The Wreck rose from his chair. His eye brightened. His whole attitude gathered vigour and alertness. He looked positively athletic.

"I feel as if I should like a waltz," he said. "Shall we—?"

"But—but your nerve?" she inquired, with a little sidelong glance of solicitude.

"I have entirely recovered it," he said.

"For a nervous man you waltz—beautifully!" she whispered in his ear a few minutes later, as they glided round the polished floor of the ballroom. Her curls brushed against his cheek, her eyes glanced up into his, her fresh young lips parted in a smile.

The Wreck pressed her closer to him.

"The one thing," he murmured back, "the one thing that is worth doing—"

"Yes?" she breathed.

"After to-night," he answered, "that sin of omission shall no longer be laid to my account."

The Schoolgirl said nothing, but her eyelids drooped till their long lashes touched her cheek.

"Connie—Connie Dawne!" murmured the Wreck. "The sweetest name that ever love—"

"Waxed weary of!" she whispered.

"I shall never wax weary of it!" said the Wreck. "Connie Dawne—*my* Connie!"

And the vivacious lady, looking up from her seat by Lady Dorothea, pointed with her fan.

"Mr. Egerton," she laughed, "is educating my charge."

Lady Dorothea frowned.

"She is a lovely girl," was her enigmatic reply. "And Mr. Egerton is the most susceptible man in London."

THE END.



"AKEZAG": THE GAZEKA DISCOVERED AT THE LONDON HIPPODROME.

Photograph by Campbell-Gray.

THE fine line which is popularly supposed to connect art with nature was vividly demonstrated at His Majesty's Theatre during the thunderstorm last week. Mr. Tree was busy rehearsing "Nero," and had reached a scene in which a peal of thunder is heard. Its introduction marks the arrogance of the Emperor, for he looks up and bids the thunder cease while he is speaking. The thunder apparatus at His Majesty's happened to be out of order, and it was being repaired. Just as Mr. Tree spoke the line a real peal of thunder came. "That won't do at all," he said, turning to the property-master; "you must give me better thunder than that." Then he heard that it was not the property-maker's thunder, but that of Jupiter Tonans himself.

Mr. Tree's preparations are well advanced for his production of "Nero" to-morrow week, when Mrs. Tree will again be associated with him, in addition to Miss Constance Collier and Miss Dorothea Baird. Other characters will be played by Mr. Lyn Harding, Mr. Fisher White, Mr. Esme Percy, Mr. Robert Farquharson (whose vivid performance of Herod in Oscar Wilde's play "Salome" led directly to his engagement) and Mr. C. W. Somerset.

Pending the introduction of Mr. Stephen Phillips's play to the public, Mr. Tree will to-morrow evening revive "An Enemy of the People," in which Miss Florence Farr will play Mrs. Stockmann instead of Miss Rosina Filippi, and Mr. James Hearn, once so prominent a member of Sir Henry Irving's company, will be the Burgomaster. It will be succeeded by "The Man Who Was," thus forming an exceedingly attractive double bill.

The adjectival part of the title of Mr. Henry Arthur Jones's new four-act comedy, "The Heroic Stubbs," may not inaptly be applied to Mr. James Welch, who inaugurates his season at Terry's Theatre next Wednesday, for he has resolved that the curtain shall go up at seven o'clock, in order that the critics may have more time for the necessary work of review which follows an important production. Mr. Welch's return to this theatre is, it need hardly be said, something in the nature of a home-coming, for he has produced several plays there before under a temporary management, in opposition to his present position as sole lessee and manager, which adds his name to the list of recognised actor-managers. Among his chief associates will be Mr. Sydney Brough, Mr. Dennis Eadie, Mr. E. Dagnall, and Mr. Eille Norwood; Miss Irene Rook, Miss Gertrude Burnett, Miss Helen Palgrave and Miss Gertrude Kingston.

The play is described as "the comedy of a man with an ideal," and Mr. Welch's own part, Roland Stubbs, is that of a ladies' boot-maker in Piccadilly who reaches the top of the tree at thirty, as the

result of "strict business habits," inspired by illusions or ideals. Miss Gertrude Kingston plays a lady of title, Lady Hermione Candlish, and a character which may be expected to have special interest for the confraternity of the pen is that of Harvey Dix, the special correspondent of the *Englishman*, to be acted by Mr. George F. Tully. It will be interesting to note whether the critics fall foul of him, for it is an invariable fact that they never allow that any dramatist draws a journalist as he really is in real life—perhaps for the reason that modern journalists are no different from other people.

The programme of the Royalty Theatre on the evenings of Friday and Saturday will be more than ordinarily interesting, for M. de Féraudy will appear in Octave Mirbeau's brilliantly successful play, "Les Affaires Sont les Affaires," and thus afford playgoers the opportunity of comparing his performance with Mr. Tree's Isidore Izard in "Business is Business." In spite of the fact that they are said to be odious, such comparisons are inevitable and have always been made; for they not only afford a striking illustration of the interpretations which accomplished actors give to a part and the various ways in which it may be regarded, but show the difference—often the extraordinary difference—in their technique. Offhand, one may recall the extraordinary dissimilarity of the view taken by the late Sir Henry Irving and M. Coquelin of Mathias in "The Bells," the difference in the treatment of Madame Sans-Gêne by Miss Ellen Terry and Madame Réjane, the same French actress's performance and that of Miss Marie Tempest in "The Marriage of Kitty," and, earlier still, Mr. Charles Warner's performance of Coupeau in "Drink," which was universally declared to be greatly superior to that of Gil Naza, the original representative of the part in Paris.

At the end of the present week Mr. Bouchier will bring his successful revival of "The Merchant of Venice" to a close, and will produce on Monday evening a new version of Mr. Leo Trevor's military comedy "Brother Officers," in which he will, of course, play his original part of John Hinds, the ranker, Miss Violet Vanbrugh taking her original part of the Baroness Roydon. Colonel Newnham Davis has supervised the military accoutrements, so that they are certain to be correct in all their details; while, following out that system of charity which is so characteristic of the theatre, Mr. Bouchier will give all the proceeds of the first night's performance to the Queen's Fund for the Unemployed.

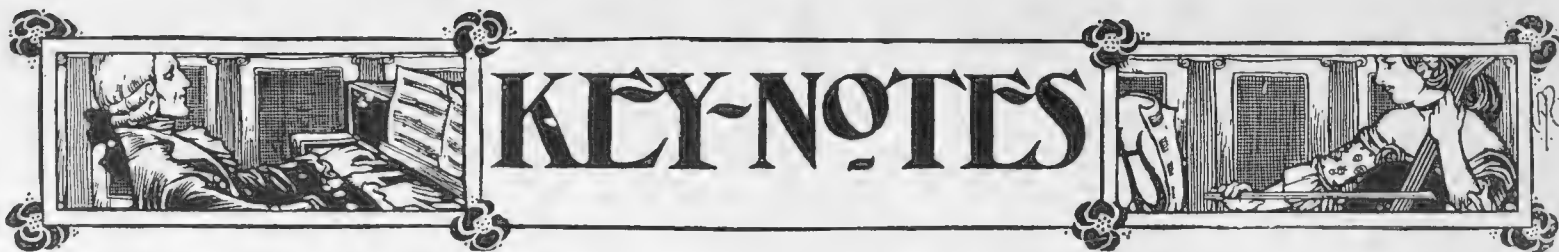
Readers of *The Sketch* will scarcely need to be reminded of the fact that Mr. Cyril Maude will begin this evening his season at the Waldorf Theatre, in the management of which he is, to a certain extent, associated with Messrs. Shubert, under the conditions which were explained on this page two or three weeks ago.



A NEWSPAPER DRESS: MISS CLAIRE ROMAINE AS DICK WHITTINGTON, AT THE CROWN, PECKHAM.

Photograph by Bolak.





VERY slowly indeed the concert season begins to show itself. No doubt the lateness of the autumn season, which, owing to an autumn opera, stimulated concert-goers and concert-givers, is somewhat responsible for this. It seems to be demanded that certain periods of musical rest should be given to the London public; and therefore when, as in years gone by, the later part of the year is practically silent, music has begun all the later after the beginning of the New Year. Thus, no doubt, it has come about that the advanced date up to which concerts were freely given in the past year has been compensated by the advanced date in the New Year on which they are being recommenced.



THE ENTENTE MUSICALE: MISS MARIE BREMA, THE CONTRALTO CHOSEN TO SING IN PARIS WITH THE LONDON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA AND THE LEEDS CHOIR.

Photograph by Aimé Dupont.

are by no means to be identified with those of the Promenade Concerts, which are given in the same hall. As a matter of fact, it may be safely asserted that there are a great many musical amateurs who attend both series of concerts, and it is more than probable that a great portion of the audience which will assemble on the 20th inst. will be perfectly acquainted with Bizet's work. It may be added that two Suites from the incidental music written for "The Love That Kills" (as the title of Daudet's drama is translated into English) were composed by Bizet; the actual composition which will be performed on the occasion of the fifth concert will be taken from each of the existing Suites.

It is usually assumed that there is nothing known in London in the way of smart advertisements with which New York is not thoroughly acquainted. We are customarily reproached that our methods are old-fashioned and that America is far ahead of us in every sort of ingenious advertisement. Readers will therefore be a little surprised to learn that the sandwich-man has now made his appearance in New York for the first time in connection with a series of Recitals which Miss Susan Strong is giving in that extremely up-to-date city. If there is a Patti Concert to be given at the Albert Hall the West End is acquainted with the fact by innumerable processions of these labourers who are not to be numbered amongst the ranks of the unemployed. Whether Miss Susan Strong's policy will set the Hudson River on fire or not nobody can tell; but it is interesting that any methods of advertisement introduced into America by what people are pleased to call the "Old Country" should wear the charm of novelty. Meanwhile, we trust that Miss Strong, in her musical adventure, will have a really considerable success; for she is an excellent artist, and has been trained in an excellent school.

That is an old, old story now in which Richter was supposed to have said, or somebody was supposed to have said for him, that Mozart does not wholly belong to the past. It was therefore very interesting that the other day at Liverpool practically the identical scene which welcomed the first performance of what was reported to have been Mozart's "Le Nozze de Figaro" was repeated in a performance of a Mozart work by the Moody-Manners Company in that town. After the singing of a certain melody, which,

as one is informed, was the famous "Deh vieni" (which, by the way, is a song from "Don Giovanni" and not from "Le Nozze"—the report must have gone wrong somewhere) a man uplifted his voice from the gallery calling out, "Give me Mozart, for refinement and delicacy." At the close of the opera, whether it was "Don Giovanni" or "Le Nozze," three cheers were given for Mozart, for all the world as if the "little master" were himself present and were conducting the orchestra; it is, indeed, a welcome and delightful sign that the greatest master of opera who ever lived (one, of course, carefully distinguishes between the music-drama of Wagner and the commonly accepted view of opera) should still reign supreme in that world of fancy, of beauty, of scholarship, of knowledge, and of dramatic feeling in opera which makes Mozart's greatest operatic work live for ever.

Yorkshire, splendid in athletic fields, splendid also in its manufactures and in the sturdy character of its yeomen, is at last proving to Continental Europe that it is equally splendid in the art of music. Whether or not there is something in the climate of that county which is peculiarly sympathetic with the development of the human voice one cannot exactly say; the fact remains that, Leeds, Sheffield, Huddersfield, and many another of its towns having made their mark throughout all England in the splendour of their choral singing, it has now been left to this particular county to make its reputation not only on the Continent, but before the most particular, careful, and critical audience of the very best musical circles of Paris. The journey of the Leeds Choir, accompanied by that splendid body of instrumentalists, the London Symphony Orchestra, to Paris will surely become historical in the annals of music. Those among us who have had the delight and privilege of listening to the great Yorkshire Choirs during the festivals of the last few years were practically assured beforehand of the sensation which such a visit would make. The audience was wild with excitement over the singing of Parry's "Blest Pair of Sirens," and was even more impressed by the singing of a Bach Motet. In truth there is nothing quite so fine to be found either at home or abroad as the singing of these wonderful artists, wonderful because of their deep interest in music, and therefore of their whole-hearted devotion to that art. On the occasion of this first concert, however, the Yorkshire Choir had only a small share in the general work; it was reserved for a later day, to which one must refer next week, to show the magnificence not only of their *ensemble*, but also of the grand quality of their voices. It therefore remained for the London Symphony Orchestra to make its own great impression on the occasion of this great "Entente Musicale." That they succeeded beyond all expectation seems to be a matter of no doubt whatever. M. Messager, who conducted a great number of the items, has expressed himself loudly in praise of this combination of players. The interpretation of Strauss's glorious "Don Juan," a work which, when it first appeared, set the whole critical world by the ears, was the great success of the concert, and was received with tremendous enthusiasm.

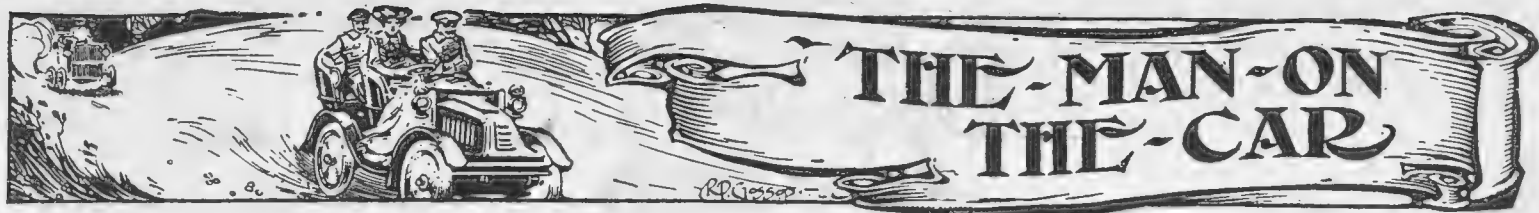
COMMON CHORD.



THE ENTENTE MUSICALE: MISS PERCEVAL ALLEN, THE SOPRANO CHOSEN TO SING IN PARIS WITH THE LONDON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA AND THE LEEDS CHOIR.

The London Symphony Orchestra and the Leeds Choir gave two concerts at the Châtelet Theatre, Paris, on Wednesday and Friday of last week, under the patronage of King Edward and President Loubet. The audience at the first concert included the President of the French Republic and Mme. Loubet, Sir Francis Bertie, the British Ambassador, M. Bienvenu Martin, Minister of Fine Arts, and the Presidents of the Senate and of the Chamber.

Photograph by Bradshaw.



A HUMBER CAR SEVERELY TESTED—THE CRYSTAL PALACE SHOW—TRIAL RUNS IN THE GROUNDS—THE LAMP TRIALS—NON-SKID EFFECTS ON ROADS—THE DRIVER'S COLD FEET.

**M**R. R. M. WRIGHT, a well-known motorist of Lincoln, is driving one of the new 10-12 h.p. Coventry Humber cars on a 5,000 miles reliability trial, radiating daily from Lincoln as a centre. The trial commenced on Dec. 18 last. Up to the evening of the 29th ult. 1,653 miles had been covered without the slightest mishap. Daily distances of from one hundred to two hundred miles are undertaken, and nothing but fog will stop the car from performing some such run every day until the long tale of 5,000 miles has been reeled off. The trial has been entered upon for the purpose of putting the new 10-12 h.p. Coventry Humber to as severe a test as possible at a season of the year when the elements and the road-surfaces present the greatest difficulties. Five thousand miles is regarded and has been fixed upon as about a motorist's yearly average, so if the car comes through successfully in mid-winter she may be said to have proved herself. The runs are being most closely observed by well-known amateur automobilists whose bona fides are above suspicion, and their daily reports will be published in full when the distance is completed. This trial is being run quite independently of the makers.

Assuming fine weather and a good train-service on the part of the S.-E. and C. and L.B. and S.C. Railway Companies, the motor enthusiast will find something to repay him for a visit or two to the Motor Show which will be held at the Crystal Palace from Feb. 27 to March 3. If automobile exhibitions could but be kept within bounds and the fine light building at Sydenham were reasonably accessible, it would be infinitely preferable to either the dingy Agricultural Hall in far-away Islington or the larger, but unlovely and somewhat depressing shelter at West Kensington. A huge point in favour of the Palace is the possibility of really enjoying a trial trip either in the grounds or about the neighbouring roads, which are more or less deserted, except by a few tradesmen's carts. There are hills hard by which are test sufficient for the greatest stickler for hill-climbing ability, for the car which will start on, stop on, and start again on Jasper Hill has very little the matter with its scaling powers.

In the lamp trials which are presently to be held by the Automobile Club I hope to see some tests instituted for determining the comparative blinding effect of the powerful head-lights without which driving a motor-car at night is fraught with some danger. What should be aimed at is the power and penetration of rays of light of yellow tones such as those thrown by the flame of oil or paraffin lamps. The light so given could be projected the necessary distance by skilful focussing and lens arrangements, and the reason why something more definite has not been effected in this direction is the fact that for the most part the science

of optics appears to be in a large measure disregarded by the average motor-car lamp-maker. There are one or two exceptions, but they are the exceptions that prove the rule. There was an English-built paraffin-burning headlight put upon the market some time since which was rather ugly in appearance, but which, with a little optical improvement, would have come very near to satisfying all requirements.



LIGHT TRACTION: AN ELEPHANT "MOTORING" IN A PARIS CIRCUS.

Photograph by Branger.

safety needed is afforded by fitting non-skidding Dunlop tyres to all four wheels. The holding up and gripping qualities of the now familiar segmental cross-cuts are not yet fully appreciated.

The outfitters have never done with the output of articles making for the comfort of the motorist in chilly weather. It has always been your driver, however, who suffers most and for whom least can be done. Passengers can be coated, wrapped, rugged, and capped

out of all semblance to human form, but freedom of movement at least of legs and arms must be left to the man at the wheel. It is the feet, operating clutch, brake, and accelerator-pedals, that suffer most, so that I am glad to note how those enterprising people, Messrs. Gamage, Limited, have bethought them of means for keeping the driver's pedal extremities from the nipping air. They are selling a kind of soft leather padded single shoe, which they call a foot-muff, which by means of a long sharp spike can be pinned down to the footboard by the heel in such a position that it rests on the pedals, and is ready for the booted foot to be thrust into it. If a driver wears gaiters this shoe is better than over-shoes, and is all that is necessary to keep up the warmth of the parts from which the nipping air drives the warm blood all too readily for one's comfort.



THE ONLY LONDON MOTOR-BUS THAT RUNS IN AID OF A WOULD-BE M.P.: THE VEHICLE USED BY SIR WILLIAM BULL IN HIS CAMPAIGN AT HAMMERSMITH.

Photograph by the Advance Agency.



# THE WORLD OF SPORT

A TRAINER TO FOLLOW—STARTING PRICES—RETAINERS.

WHEN Mr. P. Purcell Gilpin left Pimperne, in Dorsetshire, and took up his abode at Newmarket, many of the dwellers in the metropolis of the Turf though they had committed a huge blunder, as they agreed that the Irish amateur could not hope to compete successfully with the long-heads of Newmarket. Later on they commenced to respect him, and now they fear him, as he is one of the most successful trainers of the present day. What is more, he is a trainer who should be followed during the coming season, as he has a large stable of really useful Cup performers and handicap horses. Mr. Gilpin was born in Ireland, and was Lieutenant P. Purcell, of the 5th Royal Irish Lancers, until his marriage, when he assumed the name of Gilpin. He was a successful amateur rider in the land of his birth, but on resigning his commission he set up as a trainer at Pimperne, near Blandford, in Dorsetshire, and for Mr. Neumann he trained Sirenia and Waterhen. The former won the Jubilee and the Duke of York Stakes, while the latter captured the Derby Cup; and in 1900 he won the Cesarewitch with Clarehaven, who gave the name to the training establishment he subsequently took at Newmarket. His recent successes with Delaunay and Pretty Polly are too well known to recapitulate here. It is a pity the last-named was beaten by Presto II. in France, and the defeat was one that came as a great shock to the followers of the filly in England. Pretty Polly is very likely to win the Ascot Gold Cup, and the stable ought to capture useful handicaps with Hammerkop, the winner of the Cesarewitch, and Roe O'Neill, who was not sound last year. Admiral Crichton is very likely to capture one of the classics, as he has wintered well. Adula should turn out to be a useful four-year-old, and Flair, who is owned by Sir Daniel Cooper, is by many booked a certainty for the One Thousand and the Oaks. The two-year-olds in the stable are sure to be a very promising lot. One thing is certain: if they possess any form, Mr. Gilpin can be relied on to turn it to account, as he is a training genius.

The squabble that has taken place in racing circles over the starting-price of John M.P., the Windsor winner, draws renewed attention to the system of "S.P." betting. Two of the daily sporting

in *The Sketch*, I do not feel like disputing the statement of either of the papers named, and must leave this question to the "settlers." I may, however, note that the difference between 20 to 1 and 100 to 1 is too great to be easily accounted for by the time test, and if the horse was really 100 to 1 against at flag-fall,



A MEMORIAL TO HORSES THAT FELL IN THE SOUTH AFRICAN WAR, ERECTED AT MIDDELBURG, TRANSVAAL.

Photograph supplied by the Topical Press.



A YOUNG FOLLOWER OF HOUNDS WHO RIDES ASTRIDE: MISS ISMAY CRUTCHLEY, NIECE OF LADY SOUTHAMPTON.

Miss Ismay Crutchley is the only daughter of Mr. W. Crutchley, of Ascot. She hunts, as a rule, with the Garth, but she has also followed the Warwickshire and Bicester Hunts. On the occasion of a recent run with the Garth she was presented with the brush by the Master, Chandler, the huntsman, "bleeding" her in regulation fashion, much to her disgust.

Photograph by W. End.

papers, the *Sportsman* and *Sporting Life*, collect the starting-prices, and some settle over one paper and some over the other. The *Sporting Life* returned the price of John M.P. at 20 to 1, while the *Sportsman* ruled that the price was 100 to 1. As I tipped the horse to win

he must have been at least 50 to 1 against for some time before. Mr. Widdison, who collects the prices for the *Sportsman*, is well known in the racing world. He has held his present occupation for many, many years, and is now one of the veterans of the Press-box. He is above suspicion. The same can be said of Mr. James George, who represents the *Sporting Life*. Mr. George was a well-known cricket reporter originally, but he has been engaged at his present occupation for many years. He is a member of the committee of the Newmarket Subscription Rooms, and is highly esteemed in the racing world. Mr. George is a fluent and practical writer on the sport of kings. When Messrs. Widdison and George worked together, of course the prices in the papers each represented were the same, but during the last twelve months they have laboured independently, with the result that "differences" have been frequent. Of course, I am referring only to the returns. This, by-the-by, is a telling argument for those to use who, like myself, believe that the pari-mutuel should be worked in this country for the benefit of the Jockey Club and charity. We should no longer have quibbles over starting prices.

I certainly do think that the system of jockeys' retainers should be modified. Why, for instance, should a jockey be given thousands of pounds to tie him to a certain stable when for half the racing season he is riding chance winners for bookmakers, professional backers, and the like? Allow our jockeys to become free-lances, by all means, and do away with retainers for ever. I claim that there would be no need for the apprentice allowances to encourage young riders if retainers were got rid of, as all trainers would then set to work and tutor boys to be employed by their own stables, and the boys would with proper training soon be able to hold their own in races against all comers. Under the present régime the youngsters suffer from stage-fright when appearing against some of the overpaid fashionable jockeys; and while I, for one, believe that good jockeys are not born but must be made, I do think that many apprentices are held back because their employers think they have no chance against some members of the flash school. I know of the case of a couple of boys who were apprenticed to a fashionable stable some years ago, and both would have shone if they had been properly tutored; but they were not, and they turned out practical failures. The father of the boys thought the cause of their failure was because their mother had "molly-coddled" them too much as youngsters, but I thought otherwise. The fault lay rather with their instructor, who did not give them a fair chance.

CAPTAIN COE.

Captain Coe's "Monday Tips" will be found on our second "City Notes" page.

## OUR LADIES' PAGES.

IT is quite nice to hear an occasional aside from Paris dealing with introductory fashions for *le printemps*, and be thus reminded that winter, according to the calendar, is drawing to an end. Not that we have had much to grumble at so far in the more than mild season that is ebbing out in lamb-like meekness. Beyond doubt,



AN EMPIRE TEA-GOWN.

we shall "catch it" later on, when the east wind awakes to its unpleasant sense of duty and brings heart and soul searching misery to all classes of the community. Meanwhile, the modistes are actually devising dainty fur wraps, intermixed with lace and velvet, for the *demi-saison*, when heavy fur coats and weighty garments generally are perforce laid aside. Ermine, notwithstanding all prognostications to the contrary, remains first favourite in furs. Seeing that it admits of so much intermixing of lace and velvet, this is not surprising. Sable also has become so extravagantly expensive that its sufficient use is forbidden except to multi-millionaires. Mink somehow fails to obtain the *cachet* it no doubt deserves as a genuine fur, but its drawback lies in its being so perilously like and yet so unlike sable. Chinchilla, most delicate and dainty of skins, turns, not pale, but yellow with consternation at the English atmosphere, and this sensitiveness seriously impairs its value in the eyes of the frugal, who in paying high prices for furs (or anything else) expect at least a modicum of usefulness.

Ermine stoles—to return to our muttons—therefore, instead of being passed twice round the neck and tied each time they are used, are now made up into ties, the fastening being concealed under a bow of velvet or lace. Other stocks are made of two sorts of fur, ermine bordered with seal being a favourite departure, while for young girls pretty neck-bands of ermine or white fox or chinchilla are made with crossed heads and tails in front, the back being tied with gold or silver cords and tassels.

That fashion and the stern necessities of economy are perpetually at war like the good and evil in every woman's soul has never been more amply demonstrated than since the exigencies of Madame Mode have required every woman to cut her sleeves off at the elbow

and wear long gloves. Thrift rebels, "smartness" demands. The latter generally has it in this particular as in the rest. A horrid device for satisfying both Molochs of the modern maid was promulgated in a paper some days ago, which gave as an "idea" the advice to cut off the arm portions of gloves when the fingers were worn through, and "attach" new short gloves to the wrists. The mis-directed economy of the notion is apparent, seeing that a neat junction of the opposing forces is not possible to the amateur, and then the common-sense question comes, Why attempt to cope with a fashion that cannot be afforded?

In France, where they undoubtedly do some things better, black stuff and white caps or black are the universal livery of the worker; but there is always a stocking put by for the marriage day, and Jeannette does not marry less satisfactorily than Arriet since she brings her man a *dot* as well as the knowledge of how to make him comfortable. A comparison between the cottage homes of France and England, could the roofs be taken off a thousand humble homes in each country, would disclose an object-lesson in contrast to the economist—political as well as domestic—that would bring a sense of regret to any Briton interested in his country or worthy of its name.

The recently reported case of a theatrical manager who was requested by "some person unknown" to forward stalls for a play which he otherwise could not afford to see is only paralleled by that of the lady who wrote to Sir Henry Irving to please send her a box for "Becket," as she had heard that several remained empty the night before, "and a theatre looked so much better filled." It is true the deadhead has his uses occasionally, for the public is ever an unknown



A CHARMING DESIGN IN VELVET.

quantity, and a play sometimes leaps into "paying business" in the most unaccountable way after having hung fire for weeks; but why entire strangers without any claim to the privilege should bombard theatrical managers for "free treatment" any more than they might



apply to doctors, lawyers, or merchants in the same spirit still remains an unaccounted-for impertinence.

Never have the children been more profusely catered for than this year, and since holidays began the younger generation has been knocking at the door of "Bluebell" and "Cinderella," not to mention "Noah's Ark," in big battalions. I took a small boy to the latter some nights ago. Coming out of the theatre gorged with pleasure, he said, "I wish, all the same, we had waited until to-morrow." "But why, dear man?" "Because then I'd see it *over again*." After which, of course, there was nothing for it but to go again "to-morrow." The twentieth-century child, when all is said, has a remarkably good time.

#### ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

**FANCY BALL.**—You might get a hint for your "Sunset" dress from Miss Vanbrugh's gorgeous draperies in the last act of "The Merchant of Venice." There is a chestnut-coloured velvet petticoat, while purple, gold, and vieux-rose are most skillfully blended above. A golden half-sphere, with rays, would be a suitable head-dress.

**ACE OF CLUBS.**—(1) Bridge-coats are quite fashionable and elaborate blouses. I would not advise you to wear velvet frocks, as so much sitting spoils the skirt. (2) Some people find it difficult to keep their tempers in any conditions, so bridge, no doubt, would present one. It might not be a bad plan to put all the fractious people at one table; they could then sharpen swords on each other, and the four amicable folk elsewhere would doubtless make a happy rubber. SYBIL.

### BLACK MELBAS AND DE RESZKES: NEGROES IN GRAND OPERA.

(See Pages 6 and 7 of Supplement.)

IT is a truism that the negro is naturally musical, gifted with a correct ear, good vocal powers, and some skill in composition and harmony. Yet it was not until Mr. Theodore Drury—a coloured gentleman possessing a handsome countenance and an excellent tenor voice—founded the first and only Negro Grand Opera Company six years ago that he made his début in grand opera. The first opera given under Mr. Drury's direction in which all the talent was represented by members of the coloured race was "Carmen," performed at the Lexington Avenue Opera House, New York, in 1900. So enthusiastically was it received by all classes of society in New York that it was decided to present another opera the following year, when the very appropriate "Il Guarany" was produced. Gomez's little-sung work was considered especially suitable, inasmuch as the characters are supposed to be Indians. The next year "Faust" was chosen, the next "Aïda"—another appropriate opera, seeing that the story has to do with Ethiopians and Egyptians. "I Pagliacci" and "Cavalleria Rusticana" were given in 1904, while last year the company repeated their excellent performance of "Carmen."

Mr. Drury, who is a pupil of the late John Howard and an authority on the art of voice-production, recently gave the writer a few particulars regarding his efforts in founding the Negro Grand Opera Company, and also mentioned some of the difficulties he had to contend with in keeping it up to the proper standard. Although there is much musical talent among the coloured inhabitants of New York, Baltimore, Washington, Philadelphia, and other cities it is not very easy to "annex" it, a position due, possibly, to the fact that the negro who possesses a good voice and can act is in constant demand at high salaries by music-hall managers.

"My difficulty is," said Mr. Drury, "that I cannot pay my principals extravagantly, and therefore it is somewhat hard for me to obtain, or rather to keep, the highest class of talent. You see, we give only one performance a year, and, though the rehearsing may take from two to three months, I am not able to pay my company during that time. But they are very good to me, and I do not think there is a man or woman among my own people who would not gladly sing for me whenever possible. I consider that my race is

naturally gifted in the matter of music, and it is only training that is required to bring it out.

"Among those who have kindly assisted me in the presentation of the various operas I have staged I must mention Mr. Stanley Gilbert, who has on more than one occasion taken the part of the Toreador in 'Carmen.' He is a thorough musician, the organist of the Coloured Episcopal Church in Philadelphia—one of the few churches of the kind which has a surplised choir—and an artist through and through. Recently he sang in Coleridge's 'Hiawatha,' for the first performance of which the composer came over specially and conducted. He has a magnificent baritone voice, and is worthy of having a prominent place in any opera company, however 'Grand.'

"Then another valuable member of my company is Miss Ida Burrell, who took the part of Micaela in 'Carmen' in 1900. She has a beautiful voice, very similar to that of Miss Suzanne Adams. She is one of the 'society' young ladies of Philadelphia, and was formerly a school teacher. Now she has given up everything for a musical career, and I shall be surprised if she does not make her mark. She has an attractive personality, and as Micaela was a great success.

"Then there is Mrs. Estelle Clough, who acted and sang superbly when I presented 'Aïda' in 1903. It was the most ambitious work

we had ever attempted, and perhaps the most successful. Mrs. Clough, who lives in Worcester, Mass., is one of our greatest coloured prima donnas—perhaps the greatest—and possesses a most beautiful soprano voice, which is especially adapted to the part of Aïda. Associated with her in the opera was Mr. George L. Ruffin, Boston's most celebrated baritone, and other accomplished artists.

"Madame Plato took the part of Carmen at our first presentation of Bizet's work in 1900. I think the reason we chose to make that our premier opera was the fact that 'Carmen' had been the great drawing card that year at the Metropolitan Opera House, with Madame Calvé in the title-rôle, and perhaps it was our admiration for the gifted French artist and her wonderful interpretation of the part that decided me to open with 'Carmen.' Madame Plato made a study of Madame Calvé during her season at the Metropolitan Opera House and followed her interpretation of Bizet's heroine as nearly as possible. Last year, when we repeated 'Carmen,' neither Madame Plato nor Mrs. Estelle Clough could fill the rôle, and consequently I had to fall back upon a white soprano, which rather spoilt the ensemble. But there was nothing else I could do, for it was only at the last moment that Madame Plato, who had been again studying the part, found she could not play. Miss Corinne Revelto, who sang the part of Micaela last year, was our first, and, so far, our only Marguerite,

and a very beautiful one. Miss Revelto lives in Providence, where she may frequently be heard in concert. She is still very young—not yet twenty—but her voice appears to be fully developed, and she acts with excellent effect.

"There are many other artists who assist me in the presentation of Grand Opera, and are equally good, and I hope one day to get them all together, and then I shall have a cast which I should not be ashamed to put on at Covent Garden or the Paris Opera House. Of course, my chorus is made up of amateurs, and most of them are men and women who work for their living and have taken up singing merely for the pleasure of it. I once tried to have a negro conductor, but found it impossible to obtain one. In the matter of appearances the lighter-coloured women look best in opera, for they can stand the powder better and the rouge is becoming to them. Some day I hope to build a theatre of my own, where I will present plays as well as operas by people of my own race. That such a scheme would meet with success I am certain, for there is no doubt that white people take considerable interest in their coloured brethren, especially in matters pertaining to singing and the theatre."

We are asked to state that it is the Motor Yacht Club, not the British Motor-Boat Club, which has purchased the ex-Admiralty yacht *Enchantress* for a floating club house.



"THE LITTLE CHERUB," AT THE PRINCE OF WALES'S: MISS LILY ELSIE, WHO IS PLAYING LADY AGNES CONGRESS.

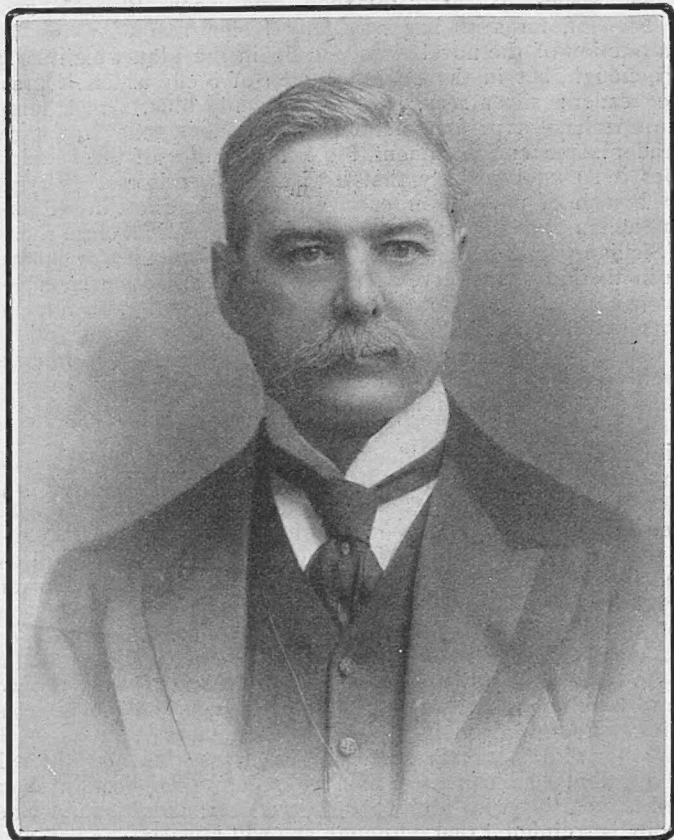
Photograph by Ellis and Walery.



## CITY NOTES.

*The Next Settlement begins on Jan. 23.*

DEALINGS have been very much restricted because of dear money, and perhaps more because of the interest that is being taken in the elections, which leave little time for anyone who is in earnest to consider the pros and cons. of this or that stock, or even to think about stocks and shares at all; in addition to which,



THE HON. ALBAN GIBBS.

*Photograph by Russell.*

as the discount houses are giving 3 per cent. for money at call and  $3\frac{1}{4}$  at seven days' notice, there is no immediate hurry for anyone to put out spare cash.

Falling in with the spirit of the times, we give this week portraits of the Hon. Alban Gibbs, late Member for the City and present Conservative candidate, and of Mr. Felix O. Schuster, the Chairman of the Union of London and Smith's Bank and senior Liberal candidate for the honour of representing at St. Stephen's the historic City of London.

The shares of the Commonwealth Oil Company, to which allusion was made a few weeks ago, are being dealt in, we hear, at  $\frac{1}{10}$  premium.

## THE INDUSTRIAL TRUST, AND OTHER MATTERS.

At the Extraordinary General Meeting of the Industrial and General Trust, held on the 4th inst., the proposed conversion of the present capital into  $4\frac{1}{2}$  per cent. Cumulative Preference and Ordinary stock, together with the creation of £525,000 of new capital, was agreed to by the shareholders. The advantages of the scheme to the shareholders lie rather in the future than the present. As the directors have practically announced that for the present 6 per cent. will be paid on the new Ordinary stock, the return on £100 of the present Unified stock is £5 8s.—not a very extraordinary return on a stock which stands at £118. But it is quite possible, and the directors evidently anticipate, that they may be able to distribute more than 6 per cent. in future years. This hope is based largely on the fact that the ratification of the present proposals will enable the directors in course of time to issue a considerable amount of further new capital at a low fixed charge. There will remain unissued £250,000  $4\frac{1}{2}$  per cent. Preference stock and £525,000 Debenture stock.

Assuming, as we may, that this £775,000 of new capital can be issued on a 4 per cent. basis, and can be invested to return a net  $4\frac{3}{4}$  per cent., the balance of about £6,000 per annum will be available to increase the dividend on the Ordinary stock to about  $6\frac{3}{4}$  per cent. In these circumstances I shall not be surprised to see the new Preference stock standing at 5 to 10 premium, and the Ordinary at £120.

I take the following from the *Australian Mining Standard* of Nov. 29, which arrived by this week's mail—

"Responding, on behalf of the mining interests, to a toast given relative to the industries of Auckland at a gathering of commercial men at luncheon on board the steam-ship *Corinthie*, Mr. Charles Rhodes, attorney to the Waihi Gold Mining Company, said that the Waihi Mine was a mine which had never gone back on its investors. He ventured to think that there were not fifty men in the world who appreciated what a really great mine it was. The ordinary idea about a mine, even in this city, was that it worked one reef of, say, 5 ft. in width. Probably for the most part it was so, but the Waihi Company was now working sixteen different reefs, and none of them were less than 5 ft. in width, while one was 97 ft. wide. So far, speaking roughly, the output was four millions sterling, of which half had been paid in dividends, and the company was probably only in its infancy. . . . The present amount of ore treated by the Waihi Company was about 24,000 tons per month, and from the size of the lodes it could be estimated that they would last a very long time. The company was now preparing a scheme whereby it hoped to

crush an additional tonnage, increasing in due time to even an extra 10,000 tons per month."

From the official position held by Mr. Rhodes, this last statement is important, foreshadowing as it does a 40 per cent. increase in the Waihi output. Q.

P.S.—The 6 per cent. second Debenture Stock of the Arauco Railway Company is a rather attractive speculative investment. At 82 the return is over  $7\frac{1}{4}$  per cent.

The leading Broken Hill shares are worth buying on any reaction. The profits being earned are considerably more than the dividends being paid. For instance, the North Broken Hill Company announces a profit for the last six weeks of 1905 of £13,130, whereas the quarterly dividend of 2s. only requires £13,000. Zinc Corporation shares, too, are likely to improve.

We may expect to hear now any day the official announcement of the conclusion of a new Nitrate combination.

*January 12, 1906.*

## FINANCE IN A FIRST-CLASS CARRIAGE.

"Take the case of the man who—" argued The Broker.

The Carriage, with the exception of The Broker, was meaningfully engaged in making hard missiles with its newspapers.

"—imports goods under Pro—"

Five paper balls out of the six were immediately rattling round his glossy hat. The sixth one caught the politician near the central feature of his face.

"Of all the—"

"Three per cent. would, of course, make a vast difference," said The Banker, somewhat hurriedly. "And I think we shall see it soon. I think we shall"

"This month?" inquired The Engineer, always literal.

"Ah! now you are putting too heavy a strain upon my powers of prophecy. All I can foresee is that investment markets will be good and strong for some time to come."

"Hurrah for Home Rails!" cried The Engineer.

"York Deferred and British are the chaps," remarked the Broker, who was still brushing his hat.

"The Middy Deferred rise is not over yet," continued The City Editor. "Even the Official List shows that there are less sales than purchases."

"Talking about sales," observed The Engineer, with a twinkle in his eye, "I went to one the other day."

"Wine or property?"

"Neither. My wife induced me to take her to a sale at a big West End shop."

"Go on. Tell us," said The Carriage, amused.

"It wasn't at all bad fun. The way the women raked over the



MR. FELIX O. SCHUSTER.

*Photograph by the London Stereoscopic Company.*

counterfuls of silks and blouses and similar mess was something appalling."

The Broker looked rather contemptuous. "It seems to me you were a little out of place," he loftily remarked.

"Not at all. The women took me for a shop-walker because I was wearing a silk hat. One girl rushed up to me and said, 'Oh, do tell me where you keep your cor—' Then she seemed to recognise her mistake, and melted away with a most furiously red face."

"What did she require?" asked The Banker.



"Oh, I've no doubt it was cornets or cornplasters, or something like that. But it's very inconsiderate of the shop-walkers to wear silk hats, isn't it?"

"Of corset is," struck in the graceless Jobber.

The Banker's face was a study. To relieve the tension. The Engineer said he thought the rise in Kaffirs was a grim reflection on the hypocrisy of the Stock Exchange. This brought the two Housemen into prompt action.

"Well," he explained, after they had finished with him, "it's like this. Here you Kaffir jobbers—"

"Which we aren't," they both disclaimed in unison.

"You Kaffir coolies—I mean jobbers—kick up a frightful cackle because Bannerman's going to check the Chinese, and now—"

"You can talk any amount of dam—"

The Banker visibly started, and The Broker pulled himself up in the very nick of time.

"—damaging rot you like," he pursued, "but it won't alter the fact that Kaffirs are going considerably better."

"For a week or only three days?" The City Editor bent forward to inquire.

"With occasional set-backs, for a month or two."

"Or three," added The Merchant.

"I shouldn't be at all surprised," agreed The Engineer. "But that doesn't alter my argument about the hypocrisy of the market."

"People who live in glass houses shouldn't gas about Kaffirs," quoth The Broker.

The flank movement answered admirably. "You mean—?" The Engineer demanded.

"That a certain profession not unconnected with stokers and electric-light and lying-on-your-back-beneath-a-motor—"

"Get on with it," laughed The Engineer.

"Is going a bull of Protection for its own sordid ends."

"Oh, is that all?" said the libellee placidly. "I thought you might know something really— That is, I mean, I—"

"Exactly," rejoined The City Editor. "All the same, the Iron and Coal and Steel industries seem to be forging ahead."

"A pun!" exclaimed The Jobber. "He, he, he!"

"Make a better one," retorted The City Editor.

"The irony of the coal trade stealing your wits," began The Jobber, nothing loth; but luckily The Banker interrupted with a request for opinions about Brazilian bonds.

"Argentine Five per cent. Loans all stand at 102," said The Broker with apparent irrelevance. "They are quite as good as Brazilian bonds, and pay rather better."

"Brazil Fives of Nineteen-o-three can be bought at par, and have a coupon due on May the First, I think it is."

"That is a good investment," said The Banker. "I believe that the public will tire in time of Three per cent. and want Four or Five on their money."

"I find that's the tendency now," observed The Broker.

The Jobber rose with a weary sigh. "It's not so much the interest on the money that troubles me," he complained; "but what I can't get is the money to make the interest on. Good-day, gentlemen!"

Saturday, Jan. 13, 1906.

#### ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Only letters on financial subjects to be addressed to the "City Editor, The Sketch Office, Milford Lane, Strand, W.C."

Our Correspondence Rules are published on the first Wednesday in each month.

BITE.—The Company is as you say. The price of shares  $\frac{3}{4}$  to 1 premium. It is a small affair, and no free market in shares; but it is exceedingly well spoken of in the House.

ALPHA-BETA.—We would rather not give an opinion as to the payment of the coupon. The Electric Light Pref. are a fair investment, and as to Cargo Fleet dividend, we expect it will be paid before the summer.

DR. J. H.—Your letter was answered on the 10th inst.

N. Z.—The insurance Company is quite safe. You could not select a better office, especially if the ballot results in favour of a branch in this country.

C. N.—The Cycle shares are an industrial risk, and not a bad one.

FIFTH BUOY.—The Power Gas shares would not suit us. We hear Ilford's are doing well, but the competition is very stiff, and we doubt if they are worth more than the present price.

HOPS.—If you want more chance of a rise you must run more risk of a fall. Entre Rios 5 per cent. Pref. might suit you, or Cuban Central Second Debenture stock.

#### MONDAY TIPS, BY CAPTAIN COE.

It is rather soon to have another meeting at Manchester, but the programme is a good one. I like Royal Drake for the Manchester Steeplechase, Bombay for the Ellesmere Hurdle Race, and Rosebury for the Broughton Hurdle Race. The Castle Steeplechase may be won by St. Benet, and the Cheshire Hurdle Race by St. Evremonde. At Wye on Thursday Mimist may win the Kent Steeplechase, and Prejudice ought to capture the Wye Hurdle Race. Some capital sport should be seen at Hurst Park on the last two days of the week. I like Rassendyl for the New Year Hurdle Race, May King for the Surbiton Steeplechase, and Raferagh for the Maiden Hurdle Race. The Middlesex Steeplechase looks good for Lord of the Level, and the January Hurdle Race may be won by Sonnetta.

#### CONCERNING NEW NOVELS.

A LITTLE white label on the cover of Mr. Douglas Sladen's new novel, "A Sicilian Marriage," runs as follows: "Wanted by a nobleman travelling in Sicily with his daughter, a governess to take sole charge of a little boy." This is the advertisement Lord Camelot inserts in the papers. Blanche Roseveare is engaged for the post. Blanche is beautiful, it goes without saying. The nobleman's daughter is also beautiful, and proud beyond telling. In Sicily they meet a man called Paul Cascable, who first wishes to marry Blanche, and when Blanche accepts Lord Camelot, turns to haughty Lady Helen and wins her hand. The attraction of the novel does not lie in the plot, which is satisfactory enough, but in the charming view of Sicily which it presents to the reader: silver seas, skies of heavenly blue, Greek temples, fields of violets—a perfect picture. Mr. Sladen cannot resist giving the reader some enlightenment, too, on the ways of the people, but he does it so unobtrusively that it is never wearisome. We gather that a breach of promise of courtship is the deadliest insult you can offer a Sicilian woman, that to throw back the head, half close the eyes, is the Sicilian way of saying "No," that the dark Sicilian eyes have no brown in them, but are deep, deep grey—and many other facts we did not know before. The book is bright and fresh, and gains immensely from its delightful and unfamiliar background. They are all sorry to go back to England, says the author, and to leave the idle sunny days behind them, the palm gardens and Mount Etna in the distance. The book ends with this affectionate regret. The publishers are F. V. White and Co.

Miss Marie van Vorst calls her latest novel "Miss Desmond: An Impression" (Heinemann). It is a study of the love of a woman past her first youth who has never loved before. The picture of her mingled feelings (the man has been in love with her sister) is exceedingly vivid. Briefly, the situation is this. Virginia Desmond, calm, serene, and beautiful, is staying in Switzerland with her boisterous and worldly niece, Molly Struthers. Robert Bedford unexpectedly comes on the scene, shares their walks and drives, and then the trouble begins. Virginia does not approve of him, but gradually ceases to fight against the fact that he is the one man in the world for her. She now experiences all sorts of sentiments and shades of feeling. Bedford, who is boldness itself, remarks that he used to compare her with mountain peaks and narcissus; but now she is like something that has come to life. A severe complication occurs. Bedford is motoring with Molly Struthers alone; there is an accident, and Molly is so injured that, although she will recover, she will always be a cripple. Molly's mamma tells Bedford that he has been the indirect cause of the accident, that he has compromised her daughter, and that Molly loves him. He must marry her. Bedford does marry her, and Virginia goes back to New England. There are closing chapters describing Virginia's loneliness. Then Molly dies, and Bedford comes. He finds her in the garden, in her arms a great bunch of snow-white chrysanthemums. Curtain. The story will find many readers.

The author of "Iconoclasts," which M. Maeterlinck so warmly admired, has published a series of short stories with Mr. T. Werner Laurie, which he calls "Visionaries." They are one and all curious and extraordinary. The reader who is wearied out by commonplace books will find change in these pages. Remarks such as these are scattered freely—"When fat comes in at the door love flies out of the window." The heroines have eyes filled with harsh fires. They are of all nationalities—Russian, Hungarian, American. The first tale describes a wife's belief in a husband who, for all her believing, was no genius. "The Eighth Deadly Sin" is a study of the power of dazzling perfume; "Pan" is a wild phantasy concerning a handsome Hungarian musician. There is, no doubt, a section of the public who will delight in the strange medley of imaginings Mr. Hunecker has provided, but to many the stories will be unintelligible. Original and forceful they certainly are.

"Maud Irving," by Aubrey de Haven (Sands), has a haughty heroine whose lips are for ever curling in contempt of a world which treats her none too kindly. Maud is full of vague aspirations, and is determined to write. When her first manuscript is criticised by a magazine with more truth than politeness, she is at first furious, then soliloquises: "Small blame to you, Maud Irving, if you are nothing more than a chicken in a shell! But the shell is breaking! I will dream no longer; I will live. Live, live, live—who shall forbid me?" No one forbids Maud from ruining the happiness of her girl friend, Dolly Meredith. Dolly is betrothed to an artist, Philip Armitage, and Maud gradually becomes fascinated with Armitage, and there is a great deal of unhappiness. The strong man of the book and the only really attractive character, John Wotherspoon, is put aside, for the weakly Philip Armitage marries Dolly; but she dies, and Maud breaks her engagement with Wotherspoon and runs away with the artist.

"Matsya," the romance of an Indian elephant, by Warren Killingworth, recalls the famous animal stories of Mr. Rudyard Kipling. It is told with extreme felicity and charm, and every lover of animals will rejoice in the romance. Though it can scarcely be classified under the name of novel, it is quite a thrilling and picturesque story. The elephantine philosophy is "We could if we liked," and this it is which may account for the sly twinkle observable in an elephant's eye as he lumbers along, immensely careful not to tread upon his pigmy master. A most fascinating story, full of incident. The publishers are Messrs. Wells Gardner.